





The Taming of the Shrew

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PETRUCHIO: "Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?"
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW *Act* IV *Scene* 3

BOOKLOVERS EDITION

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

CORIOLANUS

By
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



With Introductions.
Notes. Glossary.
Critical Comments.
and Method of Study

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Preface.

The Editions. *The Taming of The Shrew* was first printed in the First Folio. A Quarto edition appeared in 1631, with the following title-page:—

"*A wittie and pleasant Comedie called the Taming of the Shrew. As it was acted by His Majesties servants at The Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London. Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop at Saint Dunstones Churchyard under the Diall.* 1631."

This Quarto was certainly printed from the Folio; Smethwicke (or Smythick) was one of the publishers of the latter, and to him, moreover, there was transferred, on Nov. 19th, 1607, an old play called *The Taming of A Shrew*, which had been previously issued in 1594, 1596, and 1607, by different owners. It would seem that Smythick, in 1631, issued the Quarto of '*The Shrew*' instead of '*A Shrew*,' the copyright of which he had secured.

The Taming of A Shrew. The old original of *The Taming of The Shrew* is extant, and has been often reprinted in modern times (*cp.* Steevens' *Six Old Plays*, 1776; *The Shakespeare Society publications*, 1844; Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, &c.). The play was first published, anonymously, in 1594, under the title of '*A pleasant conceited Historie, called The taming of A Shrew, as it was sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembrook his servants.*' (A specimen of the play will be found at the back of the title-page of this volume.) Pope actually attributed this crude effort to Shakespeare him-

self; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Shakespeare and Marlowe —their joint-production in 1589—and various similar suggestions have been made by critics. We know absolutely nothing about its authorship, but we may safely assert that it contains no single line from Shakespeare's pen. It is an important document, though its intrinsic value is naught. Its affected classicism, its poetic rant, its cheap lyrism, its strange mixture of hyperbole and bathos, all indicate that the play was the work of some poetaster of the pseudo-Marlowan school, writing about the year 1590-2.

The Date of Shakespeare's Adaptation. *The Taming of The Shrew* is not mentioned by Mertes in 1598; unless, as seems unlikely, it is to be identified with *Love's Labour Won*. Nevertheless the internal evidence points to an early date. Mr. Stokes contends that even 'as far back as May, 1594, *The Taming of a Shrew* was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense' (*cp. Chronology of Shakespeare's Plays, pp.* 33-35).

Its omission by Meres is not very singular, when the possible history of Shakespeare's connexion with his original is considered.* It is very possible that an enlarged version of the play once existed intermediate between '*A Shrew*,' and the play as we have it in First Folio; Shakespeare in fact seems mainly answerable for the revision of the Induction and scenes in which Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio are the prominent figures. The intermediate adapter knew his Marlowe well; no less than ten Marlowan reminiscences may be detected in the non-Shakespearian portion of '*The Shrew*.'

These considerations make it difficult to assign a date to the play; on the one hand, there are the alleged non-Shakespearian portions of the play; on the other, Shake-

* Meres mentions *King John*, though also an adaptation of an older play; but the re-cast of his original was altogether of a different nature than in the case of '*The Shrew*.' One should note, too, the mention of *Titus*, and the omission of 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI*.

speare's own work belonging to different periods. The style and versification of the more characteristic parts point to about 1597, while the doggerel and quibbles suggest an early date.

At one time we are reminded of Adriana, Luciana, and the Dromios of *The Comedy of Errors*; at another, of Hotspur, Kate, and Falstaff of *Henry IV.** Hence the play is dated by some 1594, by others 1596-7; while certain critics assign it to the years 1601-3. (It is perhaps significant that Dekker's *Patient Grissel* was produced in 1597, and his *Medicine for a Curst Wife* soon after (published in 1602.)

Shakespeare's Share in the Play. As regards the Induction, opinion is divided; but a careful comparison of the two versions leaves little doubt that the revision was Shakespeare's. Act I. is almost unanimously assigned to the unknown adapter. Act II. i. is only partly Shakespeare's; the Shakespearian portion has been variously assigned:—ll. 169-326; 115-326, with the omission of ll. 241-254; 115-326. Act III. i. may be safely pronounced non-Shakespearian. Act III. ii. is claimed for Shakespeare, with the exception of ll. 130-150, or possibly of ll. 1-88, 126-185. Act IV. i. iii. v. are throughout Shakespeare's, while Act IV. ii. iv., Act V. i. are similarly throughout non-Shakespearian. Act V. ii. 1-175 (or 1-181), certainly Shakespeare. (*Cp.* Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*, p. 185; Furnivall, *Trans. New Shakespeare Society*, 1874; Tolman, *Modern Language Association of America*, 1890.)

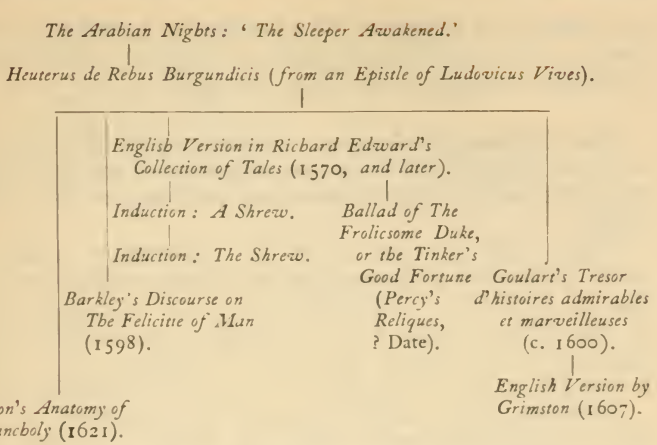
* The only valuable piece of internal evidence puts us in the same dilemma: in the first Scene of the Induction, line 88 is assigned to '*Sinklo*,' in the Folio; 'Sinklo' acted in 3 *Henry VI.*, an early play, and 2 *Henry IV.* (*c.* 1597, 8): in the former his name appears instead of 'a keeper'; in the latter instead of 'a beadle.'

['Nicke,' the messenger, mentioned in Act i. 1. probably stands for Nicholas Tooley, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company; but nothing is to be inferred from this point.]

'The Shrew' and 'A Shrew': some noteworthy Variations. (i.) The old play has been thoroughly transformed as far as diction and characterisation is concerned, though the plot has been on the whole faithfully followed. (ii.) The part of Sly has been considerably curtailed in '*The Shrew*';* in the original we are throughout reminded of his existence, and he is disposed of at the end of the play:—"Then enter two bearing off Sly in his own apparell again, and leave him where they found him, and then goe out. Then enter the *Tapster*." An amusing colloquy follows. Sly explains that he has had 'the bravest dream that ever thou heardest in all thy life,' &c. (iii.) Further, the scene of action has been changed from 'Athens' to 'Padua.' (iv.) The vulgar and mercenary tyrant 'Ferardo' has given place to the 'whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio.' (v.) Kate in '*A Shrew*' has two sisters, Philema and Emilia, represented by Bianca (and the widow whom Hortensio ultimately weds) in '*The Shrew*.' (vi.) The plot of the old play has been rendered more complex by the addition of a comedy of intrigue—viz., the story of Bianca and Lucentio.

The Sources. (i.) The Induction. The idea of the Induction is thoroughly oriental, and is familiar to readers of the '*Arabian Nights*,' whence it probably passed into European literature. It is said that a similar incident actually took place at the marriage of Duke Phillip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. Perhaps the good Duke Phillip was wishful to emulate the example of the good Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. The pedigree of the chief English versions of this world-wide story, dramatised by Chalderon in his '*La Vida es Sueño* ('*Life's a Dream*,' c. 1633), probably from Rojas' '*Viaje Entretenido*,' is perhaps as follows:—

* From an artistic point of view, Sly's comments at the end of Act I. i. seem quite out of place, and are certainly not Shakespeare's.



(ii.) The Main Plot. The nearest analogue in Elizabethan literature to *The Taming of the Shrew* is to be found in a popular poem entitled, '*A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife in lapped Morrelles Skin*'* (*before* 1575), but this poem cannot be considered the direct source of the play. Several similar stories are to be found in Italian literature; perhaps the most noteworthy is to be found in the *Notte piacevoli* of Straparolo, VIII. 2 (published in 1550).

(iii.) The Under Plot. The story of Bianca and her lovers was taken directly from Acts IV. and V. of Gascoigne's *Supposes* (an English version of Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*), the first English prose comedy, acted at Gray's Inn, 1566.†

(iv.) The Latin Lesson. This element (Act III. i.)

* Printed, together with the *Taming of A Shrew*, in the (old) Shakespeare's Society's publication.

† From this same source, too, the name 'Petruchio' was, perhaps, derived.

may have been suggested by a passage in an old play, *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London,* printed 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Play,* VI. 500).

The Duration of Action. According to Mr. Daniel's analysis, five or six days are represented on the stage, with intervals, which amount to something under a fortnight.

Day 1. Act I. *Day* 2. Act II. Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel. *Day* 3. Act III. i. Saturday, eve of the wedding. *Day* 4. Act III. ii.; Act IV. i. Sunday, the wedding-day. Interval (?). *Day* 5. Act IV. ii. Interval (?). *Day* 6. Act IV. iii., iv., v., and Act V. (? The second Sunday).

Possibly Acts I. and II. should be considered as one day. "Time, however," adds Mr. Daniel, "in this play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old play the whole story is knit up in the course of two days." (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Society,* 1877-79, p. 168).

The Tamer Tamed. Fletcher attempted a companion picture to the '*Taming of the Shrew*' in his '*Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*' (written before 1633); in this play we are introduced to our old friend Petruchio again, but Katharina is dead and 'eke her patience,' and in her place we are introduced to her successor, Maria, the 'masculine' daughter of Petronius, who tries a process of taming on her own account, aided by faithful allies, to wit, her sister Livia, her cousin and 'Commander-in-chief' Bianca, 'city wives,' 'county wives,' &c. In the end Petruchio confesses himself, in more senses than one, 'born again,' and the Epilogue sums up as follows:—

> *'The Tamer's Tamed; but so, as nor the men*
> *Can find one just cause to complain of, when*
> *They fitly do consider, in their lives*
> *They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives*

Nor can the women from this precedent
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And as they stand bound to love mutually.
If this effect arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded may deserve applause,
We something more than hope our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.'

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

Induction. A tinker named Christopher Sly is found in a drunken stupor by a lord, who, to make sport, causes him to be conveyed to the castle, clothed in the costliest apparel and placed in the richest bed. Upon awakening Sly finds himself surrounded by attendants who persuade him that he is a nobleman who for many years has been mentally deluded. And in his honour the following play is presented:—

I. Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua, has two daughters, Katharina and Bianca. The latter, because of her gentleness and charm, has numerous admirers. But her father refuses to listen to any of them until her elder sister is married, which event seems doubtful on account of Katharina's shrewish disposition. The several lovers of Bianca are in despair until the advent of a peculiar Veronese gentleman, Petruchio, whose hasty temperament seems well suited to the shrew.

Among Bianca's admirers is Lucentio, a native of Pisa, who decides to disguise himself and engage with Baptista as tutor for Bianca, giving over his proper name and rank to Tranio, his servant.

II. Tranio sues as Lucentio for Bianca's hand, while the real Lucentio obtains the position as tutor, intending thus to try to win her covertly. In the meantime, Petruchio obtains Baptista's willing consent to his suit for Katharina, and woos her in singular fashion, overriding

all her harshness and disdain with the abrupt declaration that they shall be married on the next Sunday.

III. At the appointed time the wedding-party assembles without the bridegroom. But he appears after an interval clad in most incongruous apparel, which he persists in wearing to the church—despite the open disapproval of the party—declaring: "To me she 's married, not unto my clothes." Immediately after the ceremony he departs for home with Katharina, not even tarrying for the wedding-feast, although his bride first entreats and then storms.

IV. At his country-house Petruchio treats Katharina rigorously, while pretending to be assiduous in his care of her. She gets very little to eat, because he claims that the food is not cooked properly; and the new garments which have been ordered for her are rejected, although she is very well pleased with them. He is so harsh with the servants and so dogmatic in his statements, that his wife forgets her own arbitrary disposition in the desire to keep his temper even. Finally she becomes quite submissive to his will.

In Padua the fictitious Lucentio obtains Baptista's consent to his suit for Bianca, while the real Lucentio succeeds in winning the lady. The presence of Lucentio's father becomes necessary, and Tranio presses an aged schoolmaster into service to play this part.

V. At this juncture the real father arrives and encounters Tranio in his master's garments. Tranio must needs face it out to gain time for Lucentio, and is on the point of causing the arrest of the father, when Lucentio and Bianca arrive as man and wife. Mutual explanations follow, and the entire party gather at a banquet at Lucentio's home in Padua. Katharina and Petruchio are among the guests. After the feast is over and the ladies have withdrawn into another room, the gentlemen discuss obedience as a wifely virtue, and the opinion is expressed that Petruchio's wife must be "the veriest shrew of all." A wager is made, and to the surprise of all,

Katharina shows herself to be more gentle and yielding than Bianca or another bride there present.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Katharina.

When the play commences, Katharina appears instated in the character of a shrew, rough, peevish, petulant, irritable, and therefore, however she obtained the character, in a false position which aggravates itself. Her younger and milder mannered sister is beset with suitors, and upon her she vents her petulance in terms which show how far her continued single state reacts upon the testiness that already deprives her of suitors, and the mischief reproduces itself. To such a state of things Petruchio was born to put an end; there is thus much sympathy between the two at starting, that well provided married state is their common object with secondary interest in the individual to be chosen. The simple difficulty to be apprehended of cross purposes, and repulsion at first encounter, is happily obviated by positive determination to take and admit of nothing other than as desired; and accordingly, after a scene of the strangest pertinacity, in which Petruchio mingles a fair proportion of flattery with banter and defiance, he makes such progress that my lady takes refuge in the sulks, and with protesting grumblings and compliant gestures she gives her hand when he asks for it for the ceremonious betrothal, nay without protesting or resisting so far gives a parting kiss when he asks it that he takes it without ceremony and then she withdraws silent, but by that very token not ill satisfied.

We may guess how far the pair are suited when we find her still more disappointed than piqued when he is unheard of on the day fixed for marriage. He arrives at

last, and rough as he is and rudely accoutred she marries him notwithstanding, and no declared and obstinate opposition do we hear of until they are surely tied. Then for the first time resistance openly appears; she will stay for the bridal dinner will he or not, and now the true conflict and the taming begins. The moral of the contest proves merely this, that with equal spirit and determination on either side, the balance of physical power, of muscular strength, of capability of watching, of fasting, of enduring fatigue, so far preponderate on the side of the husband that the weaker sex has no chance in a protracted opposition and must ultimately be wearied and tired out. The matter however does not rest there; if we might apply the moral of the tale generally, Shakespeare would be an authority to back the adage:—

> "A spaniel, a woman, and walnut tree,
> The more you beat them the better they be."

Katharina at last does not remain in mere compelled obedience; her very spirit is subdued to the quality of natural subordination. With spaniel-like subservience she now turns on Hortensio's widow, when she hints that Petruchio is not absolute, and at last delivers a homily with no hint of insincerity, on the law of nature as illustrative of feminine subjugation:—

> "Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
> Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
> But that our soft conditions and our hearts
> Should well agree with our external parts?"

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

III.

Petruchio.

Petruchio is like Faulconbridge in making himself out worse than he really is. Though he declares his object

is only to wive wealthily, and Grumio says he 'd marry any foul old hag with money, yet this is plain exaggeration. He 's one of those men who like a bit of devil in the girl he marries and the mare he rides. "None of your namby-pamby ones for me." He knows he can tame her: if she is sharp-tempered, he is sharper. It 's a word and a blow with him, as Grumio has experienced. When he hears of Kate, he won't sleep till he sees her; when she comes, he takes the lead and keeps it. He means to have it and her. He ridicules her in such a pleasant, madcap fashion, that one can 't help liking him. He understands women, and flatters her. Note the limping touch. He praises her beauty; promises her finery; keeps her waiting; makes her put up with his dress, and tremble at church; outs with his sword and makes her go with him; declares his wife 's his chattel; leaves her horse on her when she falls during the journey, and makes her beg for Grumio; will give no choleric food to choleric folk; in fact he "kills her in her own humour"; tames her by pretended love; starves her till she thanks him for meat he 's dressed; and then when her food has made her saucy, and she rebels again about her dress (which was indeed enough to make the most angelic woman's temper rise), he beats her in the old way by pretending to sympathize with her. Then he stops her going home, because she won't say two is seven. When she gives in, he no doubt tries her too hardly, but then she has tried him before, and the result is that they two alone are married, while the other two, Hortensio and Lucentio, are only "sped." ("Let us hope though," says Miss Constance O'Brien, "that Petruchio gave up choosing Kate's dresses and caps.") If Petruchio is not a *gentleman*, and Kate not a lady, their day differed from ours: they were a happy couple, we may be sure. Kate would obey him with a will, for her husband had fairly beaten her at her own game, and won her respect.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

IV.

The Subordinate Parts.

The subordinate parts of the play—the intrigues of Bianca's suitors against one another, the love affairs of Gremio, of Hortensio and the widow, of Lucentio and Bianca—are, as already remarked, but very loosely interwoven with the main action, and thus stand opposed to it in the form of a second, independent half. This is a defect which Shakspeare could, indeed, not very well have avoided unless he meant entirely to change the old play. And yet upon a closer examination there are nevertheless indications which point to the fundamental motive of the whole, and thus connect the subordinate portions with the principal part. A character like Katharina can be accounted for only by her having received an entirely wrong education, and a false mode of treatment: the father of such a daughter must have wholly misunderstood his position as a father, and, in place of ruling his house with paternal strictness and manly authority, must have abandoned himself to effeminacy and weakness. And this is precisely what good old Baptista appears to have done, for although he makes no secret of his daughter's faults he does not even attempt to correct them. Vincentio also, to judge from the little we see of the development of his character, must have suffered from a similar weakness, otherwise Lucentio, his light-headed son, would not have so entirely forgotten all filial duty and respect towards him as to venture to pass off a ridiculous pedant as his own father, merely to promote his own interests; and Vincentio himself would not have permitted his son to be accompanied by servants equally inconsiderate of their position as servants. Gremio, the old suitor, is very rightly outwitted and made laughing-stock for forgetting his years and becoming the rival of a spirited youth for the love of a pretty girl. Lastly, Lucentio and Hortensio lose their wager against Petruchio, and are deservedly

put to shame for perpetually playing the part of devoted and obsequious lovers, and thus losing sight of the seriousness of their position as men, and their dignity as husbands, accordingly, for having likewise placed themselves in a false and unbecoming position.

ULRICI: *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

V.

The Induction and the Two Plots.

The critics have been very warm and unanimous in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, wondering and regretting that he did not keep it up to the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. We are otherwise minded, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather hindered than set forward by any comings-in of other matter: that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. Nevertheless, the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much of it.

As to the Induction itself, we confess with Hazlitt, that if forced to give up this or the play we should be not a little puzzled to choose. But then this, no doubt, is partly because the play, though abounding in well-aimed theatrical hits, is one of comparatively little merit. The Induction is wonderfully stuffed with meat, and that, too, of the most savoury quality; the free, varied transpiration of character crowded into it is literally prodigious for so small a space. And yet how the whole thing

swims in a stream of the most racy and delicate humour! and therewithal has a light aerial grace, touched occasionally with the richest colours of poetry, hovering over it; all, together, making it one of the most expressive and delectable things we shall anywhere find.

The two plots of the play, as Johnson observes, are skilfully interwoven, so as to give a wide variety of comic incident, without running into perplexity. And such variety was the more needful here, forasmuch as the interest turns in a very unusual degree upon the incidents; though the thought and speech are everywhere sprightly and brisk enough. For if the dialogue seldom rise to poetry, it never becomes vapid and flat, these being qualities of which Shakespeare was hardly capable. As to Bianca and the proceedings of her suitors, they seem of little consequence anyway save as helping to make up an agreeable variety of matter. Bianca apparently has not force of character enough to do anything wrong, else she had probably been as naughty as her sister.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Shakespeare and His Original.

The refined instinct, artistic judgement, and consummate taste of Shakespeare were perhaps never so wonderfully shown as in his recast of another man's work—a man of real if rough genius of comedy—which we get in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Only the collation of scene with scene, then of speech with speech, then of line with line, will show how much may be borrowed from a stranger's material and how much may be added to it by the same stroke of a single hand. All the force and humour alike of character and situation belong to Shakespeare's eclipsed and forlorn precursor; he has added nothing; he has tempered and enriched everything. That

the luckless author of the first sketch is like to remain a man as nameless as the deed of the witches in *Macbeth*, unless some chance or caprice of accident should suddenly flash favouring light on his now impersonal and indiscoverable individuality, seems clear enough when we take into account the double and final disproof of his imaginary identity with Marlowe, which Mr. Dyce has put forward with such unanswerable certitude. He is a clumsy and coarse-fingered plagiarist from that poet, and his stolen jewels of expression look so grossly out of place in the homely setting of his usual style that they seem transmuted from real to sham. On the other hand, he is of all the Pre-Shakespeareans known to us incomparably the truest, the richest, the most powerful and original humourist; one indeed without a second on that ground, for " the rest are nowhere."

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Salient Features.

The Taming of the Shrew is almost the only one of Shakespear's comedies that has a regular plot and downright moral. It is full of bustle, animation, and rapidity of action. It shows admirably how self-will is only to be got the better of by stronger will, and how one degree of ridiculous perversity is only to be driven out by another still greater. Petruchio is a madman in his senses; a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures. He acts his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end. The situation of poor Katherine, worn out by his incessant persecutions, becomes at last almost as pitiable as it is ludi-

crous, and it is difficult to say which to admire most, the unaccountableness of his actions or the unalterableness of his resolutions. It is a character which most husbands ought to study, unless the very audacity of Petruchio's attempt might alarm them more than his success would encourage them.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

VIII.

Shakespeare and Italy.

The opening of the comedy, which speaks of Lombardy and the University of Padua, might have been written by a native Italian:—

> "Tranio, since for the great desire I had
> To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
> I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
> The pleasant garden of great Italy;
>
> Here let us breathe, and haply institute
> A course of learning and ingenious studies."

The very next line I found myself involuntarily repeating, at the sight of the grave countenances within the walls of Pisa:—

> "Pisa, renowned for grave citizens."

They are altogether a grave people, in their demeanour, their history, and their literature, such as it is. I never met with the anomaly of a merry Pisan. Curiously enough, this line is repeated, word for word, in the fourth act.

Lucentio says, his father came "of the Bentivolii": this is an old Italian plural; a mere Englishman would write "of the Bentivolios." Besides, there was, and is, a branch of the Bentivolii in Florence, where Lucentio says he was brought up.

Comments

But these indications, just at the commencement of the play, are not of great force. We now come to something more important; a remarkable proof of his having been aware of the law of the country in respect to the betrothment of Katharina and Petruchio, of which there is not a vestige in the older play. The father gives her hand to him, both parties consenting, before two witnesses, who declare themselves such, to the act. Such a ceremony is as indissoluble as that of marriage, unless both parties should consent to annul it. The betrothment takes place in due form, exactly as in many of Goldoni's comedies:—

> *Bap.* . . . Give me your hands;
> God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.
> *Gre.* . . . *Tra.* Amen! say we; we will be witnesses.

Instantly Petruchio addresses them as "father and wife"; because from that moment he possesses the legal power of a husband over her, saving that of taking her to his own house. Unless the betrothment is understood in this light, we cannot account for the father's so tamely yielding afterwards to Petruchio's whim of going in his "mad attire" with her to the church. Authority is no longer with the father; in vain he hopes and requests that the bridegroom will change his clothes; Petruchio is peremptory in his lordly will and pleasure, which he could not possibly be without the previous Italian betrothment.

Padua lies between Verona and Venice, at a suitable distance from both for the conduct of the comedy. Petruchio, after being securely betrothed, sets off to Venice, the very place for finery, to buy "rings and things, and fine array" for the wedding; and, when married, he takes her to his country-house, in the direction of Verona, of which city he is a native. All this is complete, and in marked opposition to the worse than mistakes in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which was written when he knew nothing whatever of the country.

Brown: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems.*

The Taming of the Shrew.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. } *Persons in the Induction.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*
VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*
LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*
PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *servants to Lucentio.*
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } *servants to Petruchio.*
A Pedant.

KATHARINA, *the shrew,* BIANCA, } *daughters to Baptista.*
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

INDUCTION.

Scene I.

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I 'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law: I 'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What 's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
[*Exit Servingman.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An 't please your honour, players

That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 'twas soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, 'What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit a Servingman.*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them; haply my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Enter aloft Sly, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship': I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef; ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent;
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she

know me not: if she say I am not fourteen
pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up
for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What!
I am not bestraught: here 's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?
First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.
Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!
All. Amen.
Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, attended.

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?
Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men should call me 'lord': I am your goodman.
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. 'Madam' and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave citizens
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness

By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonato,* gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. [*Aside*] To cart her rather: she 's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. Husht, master! here 's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
Tra. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved: 90
Go in, Bianca: [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; 100
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
belike, I knew not what to take, and what to
leave, ha? [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are
so good, here 's none will hold you. Their love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake 's
dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the 110
love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any

means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What 's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that

runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold!

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: 240
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let 's go: one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these 250 wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod: you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebused your worship?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir,
that I should knock you here, sir?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll ring it;
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*
Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what 's the matter? My old friend
Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How
do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
'Con tutto il core ben trovato,' may I say.

Hor. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petrucio.'
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly'? And come you now with, 'knocking at the gate'?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,

His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gru. Here 's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,

I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed:
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang.
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
Hor. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is 't he you
mean?
Tra. Even he, Biondello.
Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let 's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he 'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be gone.
Hor. The motion 's good indeed and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Padua. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain; but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear

I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be revenged.
[*Flies after Bianca.*
Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*
Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir; Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You 're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle sir [*To Tranio*], methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with Luc. and Hor., Bion. following.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier.
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I 'll fume with them':
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown; I 'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word:
Then I 'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what 's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee!

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I 'll try. [*She strikes him.*
Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharina to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife.
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me,
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

Tra. That 's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;
And that 's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their childern; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Padua. Baptista's house.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before,—'Simois,' I am Lucentio,—'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;—'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—'Priami,' is my man Tranio,—'regia,' bearing my port,—'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bian. Let 's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:

'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not,—'hic est
Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not,—'Hic steterat
Priami,' take heed he hear us not,—'regia,'
presume not,—'celsa senis,' despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads*] "'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*
Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio [*To Tranio*], this is the 'pointed day.
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!
[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with a half-cheeked bit and a head stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and 'the humour of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We 'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo:
And I seeing this came hence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer?
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead.
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves:
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.
Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let 's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Petruchio's country house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a

taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There 's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What 's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was

bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress!

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!
Jos. What, Grumio!
Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad?
Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;
—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting.
Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and
all things neat?
Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore
be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my
master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse
drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel:
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders grey, 140
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall!
[*Strikes him.*
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling. 151
Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What 's this? mutton?

First. Serv. Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be:
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beautous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*
Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?
Tra. Mistress, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That will be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy.
Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.
Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watched so long
That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
[*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat: [*him.*
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me. [*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
[*Exit Haberdasher.*

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou! 110
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made? 120

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to 130 testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat if he say I said so.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a small compassed cape:'

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. [*Aside* Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let 's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.
Ped. I warrant you.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy:
'Twere good he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home.
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
[*Exit Bion.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.
Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:' to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit: and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure, 70
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back;

and then come back to my master's as soon as I can. [*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

Gre. They are busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father has come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yet marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit from above.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O

immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio: and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!
Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.
Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.
Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.
Ped. Swear, if thou darest.
Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.
Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.
Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.
Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!
Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused:
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and—yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*
Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father.
Bap. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?
Luc. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.
Gre. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Gre. My cake is dough: but I 'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let 's home again. Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Padua. Lucentio's house.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio: the Servingmen with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.
Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round': I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That 's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I 'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his wife:
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns. 70
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where 's my wife?
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina.*
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?
Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio! 111
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty. 129

Pet. Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes.
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To Lucentio.*
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.
[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Above (so Folios 1, 2, and Quarto; Folios 3 and 4, "*about*"); Induct. ii. 115.

Achieve, gain, possess; I. i. 160.

Adversaries, opposing counsel; I. ii. 278.

Advice, reflection, second thoughts; I. i. 117.

Advised; "art thou not advised, do you not understand"; I. i. 190.

Affied, affianced, betrothed; IV. iv. 49.

Agenor; "the daughter of A.." *i.e.* "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter translated himself into a bull"; I. i. 172.

Aglet-baby, the tag of a point or lace, with a head formed into a small figure; I. ii. 79.

Aim'd, guessed; II. i. 238.

Al'ce, a contracted form of "Alice"; Induct. ii. 112.



Token of Alce Wates, who lived at the Sign of the Three Pigeons.

"*A little pot, and soon hot*"; alluding to the proverb, "a little pot is soon hot"; IV. i. 6.

"*Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*" etc., Welcome to our house my much honoured Signior; I. ii. 25-6.

Amort, dejected; IV. iii. 36.

An, if; I. i. 131.

Ancient, old, former; Induct. ii. 33; I. ii. 47.

And all one, but it does not matter; IV. ii. 101.

Angel; "ancient angel," probably a cant term for a good old soul; IV. ii. 61.

Anna, the sister of Dido; I. i. 158.

Antic, buffoon, oddity; Induct. i. 101.

Apes; "lead apes in hell," al-



A mediæval ape-leader.
From the *Dialogues de St Gregoire*, preserved at Brussells (XIIth Cent. MS., Bibl. Reg. 9917).

luding to the old belief that spinsters lead apes in hell; II. i. 34.

Apply, i.e. "ply," or (?) apply myself to; I. i. 19.

Argosy, a merchant-ship; II. i. 376.

Arms, play upon the two senses, ordinary and heraldic, of *arms*; II. i. 222.

Arras, tapestry; II. i. 353.

As, so that; Induct. i. 70; as if, I. ii. 157; as though, II. i. 160; that, IV. iii. 114.

Assurance, legal settlement; II. i. 389.

At a bay, at bay; V. ii. 56.

Awful, awe inspiring; V. ii. 389.

Baccare, a cant word, meaning go back, used in allusion to a proverbial saying, "Back-are, quoth Mortimer to his sow"; probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without knowing it; II. i. 73.

Balk; "b. logic," *i.e.* (probably) chop logic; I. i. 34.

Balm, anoint; Induct. i. 48.

Bars, prevents; Induct. ii. 138.

Basta (Italian), enough; I. i. 202.

Bate, flap the wings; IV. i. 191.

Bear-herd, a leader of a tame bear; Induct. ii. 21.

Bears me fair in hand, gives me every encouragement; IV. ii. 3.

Beholding, beholden; I. ii. 274.

Belike, perhaps, probably; Induct. i. 75.

Be-mete, be-measure; IV. iii. 113.

Bemoiled, besmirched, bedraggled; IV. i. 73.

Ben venuto; "I shall be your b. v.," *i.e.* "I will guarantee your welcome"; I. ii. 282.

Bestraught = distraught = distracted; Induct. ii. 27.

Bias, a weight on one side of a bowl, which affects its direction; IV. v. 25.

Bill, with a play upon the two senses of "bill"; IV. iii. 152.

Blear'd, dimmed; V. i. 113.

Blue coats, the dress of common serving men; IV. i. 87.

Board, woo; I. ii. 95.

Books; "put me in thy books," *i.e.* good books; used with a playful quibble; II. i. 225.



This curious illustration of the above phrase is taken from a XVth Century painting in Carlisle Cathedral, illustrating a legendary history of St. Augustine.

Boot, avail, use; V. ii. 176.

Boot-hose, stocking suited to wear with boots; III. ii. 67.

Boss'd, embossed, studded; II. i. 355.

Bottom, a ball (of thread); IV. iii. 138.

Bow'd, bent; II. i. 151.

Brach, a kind of scenting-dog, properly a female hound (*"Brach Merriman,"* l. 17, *vide* Note); Induct. i. 18.

Bravie, *i.e.* handsomely clad: Induct. i. 40.

Braved, used in double sense, (1) made fine, and (2) outbraved; (similarly "face," *ibid.*); IV. iii. 125.

Bravery, finery; IV. iii. 57.

Braves, bullying; III. i. 15.

Breathed, in full career; Induct. ii. 50.

Breeching scholar, schoolboy; in Elizabethan times, liable to be whipped; III. i. 18.



The seal of Louth Grammar School, founded 1552. (See *Journ. Brit. Arch. Asso.*, 1856, p. 154.)

Bring = take; IV. i. 173.

Buckler, shield; III. ii. 239.

Bugs, bugbears; I. ii. 211.

Burst, broken; Induct. i. 8; IV. i. 78.

Burton-heath, probably Barton-on-the-heath, a village in Warwickshire; Induct. ii. 19.

But, except, unless; III. i. 62; IV. iv. 2.

Buttery, a place for keeping provisions, especially liquor; Induct. i. 102.

Buzz, used equivocally with a play upon "be" (="bee") and "buzz," an interjection to command silence; II. i 207.

Buzzard, II. i. 207-9 (*vide* Note).

Carousing to, drinking healths to; III. ii. 171.

Carpets, probably "table-covers"; IV. i. 50.

Cart (used as a play upon "court"), to punish a culprit by carting, a punishment akin to the ducking-stool; I. i. 55.

Cast on no water; alluding to the old catch, "Scotland burneth. Scotland burneth! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Cast on water, cast on water!" IV. i. 21.

Censer, a fire pan which was used for burning perfumes; IV. iii. 91.

Cerns = concerns; V. i. 72.

Chafed, made furious; I. ii. 203.

Chapeless, without a chape; the "chape" was the metal part at the end of the scabbard; III. ii. 47.

Checks (so the Folios and Quarto; Blackstone "ethics"; the old play in corresponding passage, "Aristotle's walks"), austere rules; I. i. 32.

Close, secretly; Induct. i. 127.

Cock's, common corruption of the name of God; IV. i. 113.

Conformable, compliant, yielding; II. i. 280.

Comonty; Sly's blunder for "Comedy"; Induct. ii. 140.

Compassed, round; IV. iii. 140.

Conditions; "soft c.," gentle qualities; V. ii. 167.

Conserves, preserves; Induct. ii. 3.

Contented, pleased; IV. iv. 104.

Contents, pleases; IV. iii. 179.

Content you, keep your temper; II. i. 343.

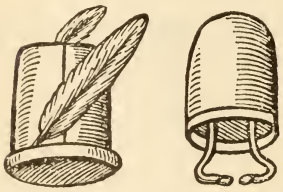
Contrive, while away; I. ii. 276.

Con tutto, etc.; with all my heart, well met! I. ii. 24.

Cony-catched; deceived, tricked; V. i. 96.

Cony-catching, trickery, foolery; IV. i. 43.

Copatain hat, a high crowned hat; V. i. 63.



From Holme's Academy of Armory (1688).

Countenance, do honour to; IV. i. 99.

Counterpoints, counterpanes; II. i. 353.

Coxcomb, the ornament on a fool's cap; II. i. 226.



From an engraving by Fairholt of an old painting.

Crab, crab-apple; II. i. 230.

Crack-hemp, one who deserves hanging; V. i. 43.

Craven, a beaten cock; II. i. 228.

Credit, do honour to; IV. i. 100.

Cried; "he cried upon it at the merest loss," *i.e.* he gave the cry when the scent seemed utterly lost; Induct i. 23.

Cullion, base fellow; IV. ii. 20.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum, *i.e.* "with exclusive copyright," used with reference to marriage-rights; IV. iv. 92.

Cunning, skill, art; Induct. i. 92.

Cunning, skilful, clever; I. i. 97; II. i. 56.
Curious, punctilious; IV. iv. 36.
Curst, shrewish; I. i. 184.
Custard-coffin; the raised crust of a custard was called a coffin; IV. iii. 82.
Cytherea, Venus; Induct. ii. 53.

Dance bare-foot; "I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day," alluding to the old custom that the elder unmarried sisters danced without shoes at the marriage of the youngest daughter; II. i. 33.
Declining; "d. head into" = head d. into; Induct. i. 119.
Deep-mouth'd, having a deep-sounding bark; Induct. i. 18.
Demi-cannon, a kind of ordnance; IV. iii. 88.
Denier, a very small coin; the twelfth part of a *sou*; Induct. i. 9.
Diaper, a towel of figured linen; Induct. i. 57.
Digress, deviate (from his promise); III. ii. 107.
Dog-weary, "tired as a dog"; IV. ii. 60.
Domineer, indulge without restraint; III. ii. 224.
Dough; "our cakes are dough on both sides," etc.; *i.e.* we are disappointed; a popular proverb, I. i. 110; V. i. 137.

Eleven and twenty, supposed to be an allusion to the game of one and thirty; IV. ii. 57.
Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth; a hunter's term; Induct. i. 17.
Embracements, embraces; Induct. i. 118.
Encounter, greeting; IV. v. 54.
Expect, believe (Folio 2, 'except'); IV. iv. 90.

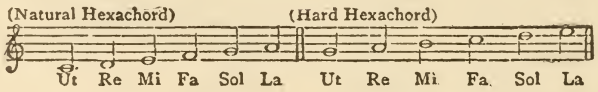
"*Fac'd it with a card of ten,*" played the best card, the trump card; II. i. 407.
Fair, in state, finery; II. i. 17.
"*Fair befal thee,*" good fortune befal thee; V. ii. 111.
Fardingales = farthingales, hoops; IV. iii. 56.
Fashions (a corruption of *farcins*), a skin disease in horses; III. ii. 52.
Fault; "coldest f.," *i.e.* absolute loss of scent; Induct. i. 20.
Fay, faith; Induct. ii. 83.
Fear, frighten; I. ii. 211.
Fears; used equivocally, (1) is afraid of; (2) affrights; V. ii. 16.
Few; "in a few," *i.e.* in a few words; I. ii. 52.
Fine, smart; IV. i. 131.
Fives, a disease in horses; III. ii. 54.
"*Florentius' love*"; an allusion to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*; a Knight Florent agrees to marry an ugly hag, if she will teach him to solve a riddle on which his life depends (*cp.* Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale); I. ii. 60.
Flouts, mocks; II. i. 29.

Fool, a professional fool; I. i. 65.
For assurance, to make sure; V. ii. 65.
Foul, ugly, deformed; I. ii. 69.
Frets, stops of the lute; II. i. 150.
Fretting, spoiling (with a play upon "fret" in the ordinary sense); II. i. 330.
Froward, refractory; I. i. 69.
Full, exactly; I. i. 202.
Furniture, dress, furnishings; IV. iii. 181.

Galliasses, large galleys; II. i. 380.
Gambold, the old form of "gambol," growing obsolete in Shakespeare's time; hence used by Sly; Induct. ii. 140.
Gamester, used contemptuously; II. i. 402.
Gamut, III. i. 71. (See accompanying example of Mediæval Sol-fa from Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music, q.v.* pp. 37, 186.)

Gogs-wouns, a corruption of "God's wounds"; III. ii. 160.
Good shipping, a good voyage, good luck; V. i. 40.
Grace, a kindness; I. ii. 131.
Gramercies, i.e. "grands mercies," great thanks; I. i. 41.
Gratify, reward; I. ii. 273.
Green; "whiles your boots are green," *i.e.* (?) freshly greased, or fresh, new (*cp.* colloquial phrase, "before your shoes wear out"); III. ii. 211.
Grissel, the typical instance of womanly patience; an allusion to Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale*; II. i. 297.

Haggard, a wild hawk; IV. i. 188.
Haled, pulled away by force; V. i. 104.
Halt, limp; II. i. 258.
Hand; "at any hand," in any case; I. ii. 147.
Hap, good luck; I. ii. 269.



Gawds, ornaments, trifling toys; II. i. 3.
Gentles, gentlemen; III. ii. 93.
Gifts, endowments, abilities; I. i. 106.
Gird, gibe; V. ii. 58.
Give over, leave; I. ii. 105.
God-a-mercy, God have mercy; IV. iii. 154.

Happily, haply, perhaps; IV. iv. 54.
"Happy man be his dole," happiness be his portion; I. i. 143.
Hard; "that goes hard," that 's bad; IV. ii. 80.
Ha' to thee, here 's to thee; V. ii. 37.

Have, get; Induct. ii. 39.
Have to 't, set to it: I. i. 142.
He = man; III. ii. 234.
Hic ibat Simois, etc.; from Ovid, *Epis. Heroid*, I. 33; III. 28-9.
High-cross, the market-place, where formerly a cross was always erected; I. i. 135.
Hilding, term of contempt; menial; II. i. 26.
Hipped, covered to the hips; III. ii. 48.
"*Hit the white*"; hit the centre of the target; with allusion to *Bianca* (white) a term in archery; halidom; *Holidame*, V. ii. 186. "by my halidom" = upon my sacred word or oath; V. ii. 99.
"*Humour of forty fancies*"; probably the title of a collection of ballads; III. ii. 69.
Hungerly, hungrily, scantily; III. ii. 175.
Hurly, hurly-burly; IV. i. 198.
Husband, economist, housekeeper, V. i. 65.
Husht, hush! (*cp.* "hist," "whist"); I. i. 68.

Idle, absurd; Induct. ii. 14.
Indifferent, equally; I. ii. 181.
Indifferent; "garters of an indifferent knit," *i.e.* tied in an ordinary way, not looped conspicuously; IV. i. 88.
Ingenious, probably 'ingenuous', Sh. uses the two words indiscriminately; I. i. 9.
Ingrate, ungrateful; I. ii. 270.
Intend, pretend; IV. i. 198.
Intolerable = intolerably; I. ii. 89.
I wis, *i.e.* iwis, truly; I. i. 62.

Jack, a term of contempt; II. i. 159.
"*Jack, boy! ho! boy!*" the commencement of an old catch; IV. i. 41. (See Nay-



From Ward's *Woe to Drunkards* (1627). The picture illustrates "the degeneracy of the age by a comparison of its follies with the manly virtues of a former period, which are typified by the booted leg in the stirrup, etc."



From an illumination in the Loutterell Psalter (XIVth Cent.).

lor's *Shakespeare and Music*, p. 199.)

Jacks . . . jills, drinking-vessels made respectively of leather and metal, with a play upon "jacks," men servants, and "jills," maid servants; IV. i. 49.

Jade, worthless nag; I. ii. 249.

Jealous, suspicious; IV. v. 76.

Join'd-stool, a kind of folding chair; II. i. 199.

Joltheads, blockheads; IV. i. 161.

Jump, agree; I. i. 194.

Junkets, dainties; III. ii. 248.

Kate, a play on *Kate* and *cat*; II. i. 279.

Kated, perhaps with a play upon *cat*; III. ii. 245.

Kates; "Dainties are all Kates"; a play on the word *cates*; II. i. 190.

Keep you warm; referring to the proverb "To have wit enough to keep one's self warm"; II. i. 268.

Kennel, gutter; IV. iii. 98.

Kindly; "let him come and kindly"; evidently used like the colloquial "welcome," to express indifference; Induct. i. 15; in a natural manner; Induct. i. 66.

Knack, knick-knack, trifle; IV. iii. 67.

Lampass, a disease in horses; III. ii. 51.

Laying on, laying a wager on; V. ii. 129.

Leda's daughter, i.e. Helen; I. ii. 244.

Leet, Court-leet, which tried those who used false weights and measures; Induct. ii. 89.

'Leges = alleges; I. ii. 28.

Lewd, vile; IV. iii. 65.

Lie, stay, lodge; IV. iv. 56.

Lief, gladly, willingly; I. i. 134.

Like, likely; IV. iv. 70.

Like of = like; II. i. 65.

Link, a pitch torch; IV. i. 129.

Lodging, chamber; Induct. i. 49.

Longly, a great while, a long time (? longingly); I. i. 169.

Look big, angrily; III. ii. 228.

Lovely, loving; III. ii. 123.

Lure, a stuffed bird used in falconry for training the hawk; IV. i. 187.



From an illumination in *Le Livre du Roy. Modus.*, Nat. Lib., Paris.

Lusty, lively; II. i. 161.

Maidenhead, maidenhood; III. ii. 225.

Malt-horse, a brewer's horse; used as a term of contempt; IV. i. 124.

Man, tame; IV. i. 188.

Marr'd . . . made, a favourite quibble in old English literature; the two words were pronounced almost alike; IV. iii. 115-116.

Married o' Sunday; "we will be married o' Sunday"; the burden of several popular songs, the best known occurring in *Ralph Roister Doister*; II. i. 326.

Mart, bargain; II. i. 329.

Masquing, masquerading; IV. iii. 87.

Meacock, timorous, worthless; II. i. 315.

Meaner, of lower rank; I. i. 209.

Mercatante (spelt "marcantant" in Folios and Quarto), merchant; IV. ii. 63.

Merry passion, merriment; Induct. i. 97.

Mess, course; IV. iv. 70.

Mew up, shut up; I. i. 87.

Minion, saucy wench; II. i. 13.

Mi perdonato (Folios "me pardonato"; Quarto "me pardinato"); me being pardoned; I. i. 25.

Modesty, moderation; Induct. i. 68.

Mose in the chine, a disease in horses; III. ii. 50.

Moved, angry; V. ii. 142.

Napkin, handkerchief; Induct. i. 27.

Neat, ox; IV. iii. 17.

News; "what's the news?" what does this mean? I. i. 229.

Of = for, II. i. 238; on, IV. i. 66; V. ii. 72.

Old, used intensitively; *cp.* modern phrase, "old fellow," III. ii. 30.

On = of; IV. i. 29.

Orchard, garden; II. i. 112.

Or ere, before; IV. v. 8.

Other, others; I. ii. 121.

Over-eyeing, witnessing, seeing; Induct. i. 95.

Packing, plotting; V. i. 114.

Pain, pains, toil; III. i. 12.

Palabris; "paucas pallabris"; Sly's corruption of the Spanish "pocas palabras," *i.e.* few words; Induct. i. 5.

Pantaloon, an old fool; a standing character in Italian comedy (*cp. As You Like It* Glossary); III. i. 37.

Parle, barley; I. i. 117.

Pass, convey (a legal term); IV. iv. 45; transact, IV. iv. 57.

Passing, surpassing; Induct. i. 67; II. i. 113.

Peat, the old form of "pet"; I. i. 78.

Pedant, schoolmaster; IV. ii. 63.

Pedascule, pedant, schoolmaster; III. i. 50.

Pheeze, originally "to incite, send forth, drive away," whence probably secondary meaning "to beat," and in certain dialects "to pay a person off for an injury"; Induct i. 1.

Plash, pool; I. i. 23.

Points, tagged laces used for fastening various parts of the dress; III. ii. 48.

Porringer, a bowl or basin; IV. iii. 64.

Port, style of living; I. i. 207.

Practise, plot, play a trick; Induct. i. 36.

Prefer, recommend; I. i. 97.

Present, immediate; IV. iii. 5.

Presently, immediately; IV. iv. 59.

Pricks, incites, III. ii. 74; "pricked in," pinned in, stuck in, III. ii. 69.

Proceeders; perhaps used equivocally; to *proceed* Master of Arts is the academic term for taking the degree; IV. ii. 11.

Proper, handsome; I. ii. 144.

Put finger in the eye, weep in a childish manner; I. i. 78.

Quaint, fine (used ironically), III. ii. 147; elegant, IV. iii. 102.

Quantity, used in the sense of a very small quantity; IV. iii. 112.

Rated, driven away by scolding; I. i. 164.

Rayed, dirtied, soiled; III. ii. 53; IV. i. 3.

Rebused; Grumio's blunder for "abused"; I. ii. 7.

Reckoning, description; IV. i. 82.

Redime te captum, etc., *i.e.* "Redeem thyself, captive, for the least sum thou canst": quoted from Terence in Lily's Latin Grammar, whence the writer no doubt derived the line; I. i. 166.

Rests, remains; I. i. 249.

Reverend, reverent, respectful; IV. i. 199.

Ring, the prize ring; I. i. 144.

Rope-tricks, tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for "rhetoric" *cp.* the Nurse's "ropery" for "roguery," Rom. II. iv. 154), I. ii. 112.

Roundly, straightway, directly, I. i. 59; bluntly, III. ii. 214; without needless ceremony, IV. iv. 106; used with a play on the word, V. ii. 21.

Rudesby, rude clown; III. ii. 10.

Ruffling (*vide* note); IV. iii. 60.

Rushes strewed; referring to the old custom of strewing the floors with rushes; IV. i. 46.

Sack, Spanish or Canary wine; Induct. ii. 2.

Sadness, seriousness; "in good s.," in all seriousness; V. ii. 63.

Score; "fourteen pence on the



s."; Induct. ii. 24, reckoning, tally, illustrated by the following portion of a woodcut representing the Festival of the Cobblers of Paris, August 1st, 1641.

Scrivener, a writer of contracts; IV. iv. 59.

Sealed quarts, quart pots sealed as being of legal size; Induct. ii. 90.

Secret, confidential; I. i. 157.

Seen; "well seen," well-skilled, skilful; I. ii. 134.

"*Seize thee that list*," *i.e.* let them take thee that will; III. i. 91.

Sessa; "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running"; Induct. i. 6.

Sheathing, having a new sheath made for it; IV. i. 130.

Sheer ale, pure ale, unmixed ale; Induct. ii. 25.

Should; when the priest should ask, *i.e.* had in due course to ask; III. ii. 159.

Shrewd, bad, evil; I. i. 184.

Simple, foolish; V. ii. 161.

Sith, since; I. i. 215.

Skills, matters; III. ii. 132.

Skipper, used contemptuously for *frivolous youth;* II. i. 341.

Slipp'd, started, let slip; V. ii. 52.

"*Socrates' Xanthippe*" (old eds. "Zentippe" and "Zantippe"); the famous shrew of antiquity; I. ii. 71.

Soud, a word imitative of a noise made by a person heated and fatigued; IV. i. 137.

Sorted to no proof, proved to be to no purpose; IV. iii. 43.

So very = so great; I. i. 127.

Specialties, special deeds; II. i. 127.

Speed, succeed; I. ii. 247.

Spleen, sudden impulse of mirth; Induct. i. 137; ill temper. III. ii. 10.

Spoke = spoken; II. i. 193.

Stale, laughing-stock; probably with a quibbling allusion to "stale-mate" in chess; I. i. 58; decoy, bait; III. i. 90.

Stand, withstand; I. ii. 113.

Stay, restrain; Induct. i. 134.

Stead, aid; I. ii. 266.

Still, continually; IV. i. 202.

Stock, stocking; III. ii. 66.

Stomach; perhaps a play upon the two senses of the word, *i.e.* "appetite," and "choler"; IV. i. 153.

Stoop, yield; a technical term in falconry for coming down on the prey; IV. i. 186.

Straight, straightway, immediately; Induct. i. 52.

Strond (so all the old editions, except Folio 1, which reads "strand"), strand; I. i. 174.

Suits; "in all suits," in every respect; Induct. i. 106.

Supposes, assumed characters (*cp.* Ariosto's "I suppositi," trans. by Gascoigne as "*The Supposes*"); V. i. 113.

Sweeting, a term of endearment; IV. iii. 36.

Swift, quick, with play upon the word; V. ii. 54.
Swinge, lash; V. ii. 104.

Ta'en; "orders . . . ta'en," *i.e.* given; I. ii. 126.
Tall, fine; IV. iv. 17.
Tender, tend; Induct. i. 16.
Tents and canopies, probably bed hangings; II. i. 354.
Thirdborough (Folios and Quarto "head-borough," Theobald's correction), constable; Induct. i. 12.
Throughly, thoroughly; IV. iv. 11.
Took, gave; III. ii. 163.
Toward, at hand, I. i. 68; obedient, docile, V. ii. 182.
Toy! a trifle, nonsense! II. i. 404.
Trick, toy, trifle; IV. iii. 67.
Trot, woman, hag; I. ii. 79.
Trunk, broad, large; IV. iii. 142.
Turtle = turtle-dove; II. i. 209.
Twangling, twanging; II. i. 159.
Twink, twinkling; II. i. 312.
Two-and thirty, a pip out; "an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated; derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-Thirty"; pip = a spot or mark on a card; I. ii. 33.

Unable, weak, helpless; V. ii. 169.
Unapt, unfit; V. ii. 166.
Uncase, undress; I. i. 211.
Unconstant = inconstant; IV. ii. 14.
Undertake, assume; IV. ii. 106.
Unmanner'd, unmannerly; IV. i. 161.
Unpink'd, not pinked or pierced with eyelet holes; IV. i. 128.
Unreverent, disrespectful; III. ii. 112.
Untoward, unmannerly; IV. v. 79.

"Vail your stomachs," lower your pride; V. ii. 176.
Velure, velvet; III. ii. 61.
Venice gold, i.e. Venetian gold, II. i. 356.
Vied, challenged; II. i. 311.

Wants, are wanting; III. ii. 246.
Watch, keep from sleep: a term in falconry; IV. i. 190.
Whatso'er, at any rate; I. ii. 216.
Who; "as who should say," as if to say; IV. iii. 13.
"Why, when I say?" an exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 138.
Widowhood, rights as a widow; II. i. 125.
Will; "she will," probably an error for "he will"; otherwise "will" should perhaps be "shall"; I. i. 188.
"Will you, nill you," whether you will or not; II. i. 273.
Wincot; probably a corruption of Wilnecote or Wilmecot, about three miles to the north of Stratford; Robert Arden, Shakespeare's grandfather, lived there (*cp.* Woncot, *2 Henry IV.*, V. i. 42); Induct. ii. 23.

Wish, commend; I.i.113; I.ii.60.
With, by; IV. iii. 111.
Woodcock, popularly used for a fool; I. ii. 161.
Workmanly, workmanlike; Induct. ii. 62.
World; "'tis a world," *i.e.* a wonder; II. i. 313.
Yard, yard measure (which used to be made of wood); IV. iii. 113.
Yellows, jaundice in horses; III. ii. 53.
Yet, still; Induct. ii. 69.
Yourself = you yourself; I. ii. 157.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Induct. i. 9. '*Go by, Jeronimy*'; a popular phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*—"the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time."

Induct. i. 17. '*Brach Merriman*'; '*brach*' usually means a female hound, as in the next line; the sequence of thought requires '*brach*' to be a verb: perhaps it is used in the sense of 'couple,' 'mate.' Hanmer proposed '*leech*'; Keightley, '*bathe*'; Singer (ed. 2) '*trash*,' etc.

Induct. i. 64. '*And he says he is*,' etc., so the old eds. The read-



The accompanying illustration, from a stall in Ludlow Church, represents the punishment of an offender of Cicely Hacket's kind. A demon (whose head is missing) is carrying the ale-wife with her gay head-dress and false measure towards hell-mouth (on the right of the picture), while two other demons respectively play bagpipes and read the catalogue of the offender's sins.

ing is probably correct; the line means 'when he says he is mad, say that he dreams.' Rowe proposed '*And when he says he's poor*'; Keightley '*And when he says what he is*,' etc.

Induct. i. 88. The Folio and Quarto prefix '*Sincklo*,' the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company, who is mentioned also in stage-directions of Quarto edition (1600) of 2 *Henry IV.*, V. iv. and in the Folio, 3 *Henry VI.*, III. i.

Induct. i. 88. '*Soto*' is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased*.

Induct. ii. 89.

> 'And say you would present her at the leet,
> Because she bought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.'

I. i. 32. *Cp. The Taming of A Shrew*:—

> 'Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend.
> To Plato's school and Aristotle's walks.'

I. i. 42. '*If, Biondello, thou wert*'; the Collier MS. reads 'now were'; Dyce adopts this emendation.

I. i. 64. '*To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool*'; an old expression occurring in Skelton's *Merrie Tales*. "Hys wife would divers times in the weeke kimbe his head with a iii. footed stoole."

I. i. 239. '*I, sir! ne'er a whit.*' Rowe proposed '*Ay, sir, ne'er*,' etc.; Dyce, '*Ay, sir.—Ne'er.*' It is difficult to determine whether '*I*' is the personal pronoun, or stands, as is often the case, for '*Ay*.'

I. i. 253. '*The presenters*,' *i.e.* Sly and his attendants in the balcony above.

I. ii. 28. '*what he 'leges in Latin*'; the Folios and Quarto '*leges*,' an authorised form for '*alleges*'; Grumio, strange to say, though an Italian, mistakes Italian for Latin.

I. ii. 151-2. '*paper . . . them*'; changed by Pope to 'papers': Mr. Daniel considers '*paper*' to be the note of the '*books*," and '*them*' the books.

II. i. 75-84. Arranged as verse in the Folios and Quarto, first printed as prose by Pope.

II. i. 202. '*No such jade as you*'; probably an error for '*no jade for such as you*,' as conjectured by Hudson: many other less obvious emendations have been proposed, *e.g.* '*no such load as you, sir*' (Singer), etc.

II. i. 207-9. '*buzzard*' in this passage is a crux: its three senses are, I think, punned on by the speakers:—(i.) a simpleton (l. 207); (ii.) a mean hawk (ll. 208, 209); in the latter case Petruchio interprets it as (iii.) 'a buzzing insect,' hence 'you wasp' (l. 210). Katharine's reply seems to mean:—'that, in calling her a turtle, he has mistaken a hawk for a dove'; underlying this retort there may be a suggestion of the proverbial 'blind buzzard.'

II. i. 296. '*morn*'; *cp. Troilus,* I. iii. 229:—

> '*Modest as morning when she coldly eyes*
> *The youthful Phœbus.*'

The Collier MS. has '*moone.*'

II. i. 325. '*We will have rings and things,*' probably a fragment of an old ballad. Collier quotes some lines bearing a very strong resemblance to these "from the recitation of an old lady"—a vague authority.

II. i. 377. '*Marseilles' road*' Folio 1 and Quarto, '*Marcellus*'; the other Folios '*Marsellis*'; the word is obviously trisyllabic; the apostrophe is not needed, *cp.* '*Venice gold.*' '*Pisa walls*' in the previous speech.

III. i. 4. Theobald proposed '*she is a shrew, but, wrangling pedant, this is*'; evidently some words are lost, but it is useless to attempt the restoration of the line, as there is no evidence.

III. ii. 16. '*Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns*'; so Folio 1 and Quarto; Folios 2 and 3 insert '*yes*' before '*and.*' The more noteworthy suggestions are:—"*Make friends invite, yes*" (Singer); "*make friends invite guests*" (Dyce); "*make feasts, invite friends*" (Dyce, ed. 2).

IV. i. 135. '*Where is the life that late I led*'; a line of an old song, quoted also by Pistol; *cp. 2 Henry IV.,* V. iii. 147. Similarly '*It was the friar of orders grey,*' etc., is a bit of an old ballad, now lost.

IV. i. 203. '*to kill a wife with kindness,*' a proverbial expression. Heywood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness,* was first produced in 1602.

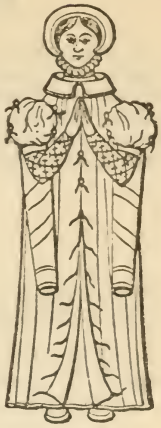
IV. ii. 45. '*longeth*'; the Folios and Quartos, correctly, '*longeth,*' without apostrophe: '*to long*' in the sense of '*to belong*' is common in older English writings. Similarly '*pointed*' in old eds., III. ii. 1.

IV. ii. 61. '*An ancient angel*'; so the Folios and Quartos;

Theobald suggested '*engle*' (a gull); other proposals have been *ayeul, gentle, morsel, antick*, etc., but no change is necessary. Cotgrave renders *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "an old angell; and by metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest and worthie stamp."

IV. iii. 60. '*ruffling treasure*': Pope changed '*ruffling*' to '*rustling*'; perhaps we should read '*russling*' (for '*rustling*'), *Cp. Lear*, II. iv. 304, where the Quarto reading is '*russel*,' while the Folios have '*ruffle*.' Mrs. Quickly's '*rushling in silk and gold*' (*Merry Wives*, II. ii. 68) seems to be an important piece of evidence in favour of '*rustling*.'

IV. iii. 90. '*Here's snip and nip and cut.*' A reference to fashionable slashed sleeves. (See illustration.)



From the incised slab to the memory of Agnes Woolley, 1572, preserved at Matlock Church.

IV. iv. 62. '*Cambio*,' probably an error for '*Biondello*,' as suggested by the Cambridge editors, and more satisfactory from a metrical point of view. Again, "the supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have 'flown on the wings of love' to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master."

V. i. 29. '*his father has come from Padua*,' so the Folios and Quartos; various changes have been proposed, *e.g.* '*to Padua*,' '*from Pisa*,' etc., but the Pedant means that he has been staying at Padua.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

INDUCTION.

Scene I.

[*Enter Hostess and Sly.*] The opening of the old *Taming of a Shrew* is as follows:—

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken.*

Tapster. You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. *Exit* Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying. He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all derseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and bear him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuisde,
But see in any case you wake him not. *Exeunt* two with *Slie.*

77, 78. *An't please your honour*, etc.:—It was in old times customary for players to travel in companies and offer their services at great houses. See *Hamlet*, II. ii.

102. *buttery*:—Pope remarks that "the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery*, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette."

Scene II.

[*Enter aloft*, etc.] According to the original stage direction, Sly and the other persons of the Induction were to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony, where, at the performance of a play within a play the mimic spectators sometimes sat, while the action was carried on at the front of the stage. In the middle of the deep stage, according to Tieck, rose two wooden pillars, eight or ten feet high, which supported the balcony. Three broad steps led from the front stage to the inner alcove under the balcony, which was sometimes open, sometimes curtained off. It represented, according to circumstances, a cave, a room, a summer-house, a family vault, and so forth. It was here that, in *Macbeth*, the ghost of Banquo appeared seated at the table. Here stood the bed on which Desdemona was smothered. Here, in *Hamlet*, the play within a play was acted. Here Gloucester's eyes were put out. On the balcony above, Juliet waited for her Romeo, and Sly took his place to see *The Taming of the Shrew*. When the siege of a town had to be represented, the defenders of the walls stood and parleyed on this

balcony, while the assailants were grouped in the foreground.

In the old play this is the beginning of the Scene:—

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tell him that all things is ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.
Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.
Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
Slie. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honour my Lord.
Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.
Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the *Persian* plaines.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.
Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

2. *fair Padua, nursery of arts*:—"During the ages," says Knight, "when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art crowded

into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua:—

'His name is Licio, born in Mantua';

or a student, like Lucentio, from Pisa,

'as he that leaves
The shallow plash to plunge him in the deep';

or a 'Pedant' (IV. ii.) turning aside from the road to 'Rome and Tripoly,' to spend 'a week or two' in the great 'nursery of arts' of the Italian peninsula. The University of Padua was in all its glory in Shakespeare's day; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the Poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenious studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the 'public places,' and the servants who buy in the market; while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do in the play.

"The University of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakespeare's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged; but that of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. 'The mathematics' are still a favourite branch of learning, with some 'Greek, Latin, and other languages'; also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted. The aspect of the University of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a

strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been."

80. *Sister, content you,* etc.:—Clarke says of Bianca: "In these very first lines she utters, we find her, under appearance of a mild appeal to her sister, really uttering an uncharitable insinuation that Katharina will take delight in her being sent to her room—just the unkind construction that would peculiarly gall a nature like Kate's; and then she goes on to parade her excess of filial obedience and her ultra-devotion to solitary study. Artful and artificial is Bianca from first to last. She gains herself a name for gentleness of temper by making a foil out of her sister's violence of temper, and causes herself to appear charming by forming the extremest of contrasts with Katharina's conduct in all things."

Scene II.

26. *Petrucio*:—Gascoigne in his *Supposes* has spelt this name correctly *Petrucio,* but Shakespeare, Anglicizing it, wrote it *Petruchio,* in order, perhaps, to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Dekker writes *Infeliche* for *Infelice.*

69. *Florentius' love*:—This allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book of his *Confessio Amantis. Florent* is the name of a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. This story is found in the *Gesta Romanorum,* and Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale has the same plot.

73, 74. *as rough,* etc.:—The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by "the swelling Adriatic seas," which pour over it into the Lagunes.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

101. *Greek and Latin books*:—Knight says: "It is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than

other ladies of their city and their time. Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakespeare and the University of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education."

183. *Good morrow, Kate,* etc.:—We find in the old play:—

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate.*
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe doo *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Feran. No *Kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now, *Ferando*, what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

268. *Yes; keep you warm*:—This appears to allude to some old proverb. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*, I. i. 66-68: "If he have *wit* enough to *keep himself warm*, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse."

297. *Grissel*:—The story of Griselda, so beautifully related by Chaucer, was taken by him from Boccaccio, through Petrarch. It is thought to be older than the time of Boccaccio, as it is to be found among the old French *fabliaux*.

311. *She vied*, etc.:—Petruchio appears to mean that Katharina played as for a wager with her kisses, *vying* or *staking* kiss on kiss with him.

316. *unto Venice*:—"If Shakespeare," says Knight, "had not seen the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effectual means of knowing and realizing in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Any

educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles, which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The 'cypress chests,' and 'ivory coffers,' rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of 'Tyrian tapestry,' to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The 'plate and gold' are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with every thing sooner than their pictures. The 'tents and canopies,' and 'Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,' now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependencies of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury. Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewelry, especially its fine works in gold. 'Venice gold' was wrought into 'valence'—tapestry—by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jewellers' shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain."

326. *we will be married o' Sunday*:—Thus in *Ralph Roister Doister*, 1566:—

> "I mun be maried a Sunday;
> I mun be maried a Sunday;
> Whosoever shall come that way,
> I mun be maried a Sunday."

413. An adaptation of the following from the old play is inserted at the end of this Scene by Pope:—

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. Sim, when will the foole come againe?
Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.
Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.
Lord. So I doo my Lord.
Slie. Here *Sim,* I drinke to thee.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

41. *Now let me see*, etc.:—"Here we see Bianca in her true colours," says Clarke. "No sooner is she out of sight of her father than she drops the coating of demure paint which she wears in public to obtain the reputation of 'beauteous modesty,' and in private behaves like the imperious coquette which she truly is. She begins by telling her masters that she will 'learn my lessons as I please myself'; orders one aside while she listens to the other; and no sooner discovers that he is not a teacher, but a lover in disguise, than she falls into his plan of addressing her clandestinely, follows his lead in making the lesson a pretence for discussing his suit; and shows herself to be a thoroughly sly, artful girl. Shakespeare has drawn her consistently throughout."

80. *nice*:—Apparently meaning *foolish, simple,* or *trifling.* So in Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale: "But say that we ben wise and nothing *nice.*" Likewise in Gower:—

> "A tale of them that be so *nice,*
> And feignen them selfe to be wise."

And in *Romeo and Juliet,* V. ii.: "The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge of dear import."

Scene II.

86. [*Enter Petruchio.*] We have in the old play:—

Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.
Feran. Godmorrow father, *Polidor* well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.
Alfon. I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,

And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.
Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.
Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.
Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

170 *et seq.*:—The custom of taking wine and sops (wafers or cakes dipped in the wine) immediately after the marriage ceremony in the Church is very ancient. It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII. "For the Marriage of a Princess": "Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe*, and to be borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke." The custom was practised at the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral, 1554; and at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the daughter of James I. in 1613. In Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* the cup is called a *knitting cup*; in Middleton's *No Wit like a Woman's* the *contracting cup*. The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony, as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury Missals.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

24, 25. *beast*, etc.:—Grumio calls himself *a beast*, and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow*. Grumio is think-

ing of the proverbial saying, "Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast."

115. *Where be these knaves?*—The following is from the old play:—

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate*: where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.
San. Now, *ad sum*, sir.
Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.
He beates them all.
They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.
Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?
Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.
He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.
Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say, and beare it hence.
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?
San. I forsooth. *Exit Ferando and Kate.*
Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.
Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.
Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

129. *no link to colour Peter's hat*:—That is, to blacken it anew. So in *Mihil Mumchance*, formerly supposed to be the work of Greene: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, *blackt over* with the *smoake of an old linke*."

140, 141. Bishop Percy constructed his beautiful ballad, *The Friar of Orders Grey*, from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.

149. *Come, Kate, and wash*:—"Table-knives," according to

Brandes, "had been in general use since about 1563; but forks were still unknown in Shakespeare's time—fingers supplied their place. In a description of five months' travels on the Continent, published by Coryat in 1611, he tells how surprised he was to find the use of forks quite common in Italy: 'I obserued a custome in all those Italian Cities and Townes through which I passed, that is not vsed in any other country that I saw in my trauels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth vse it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy doe alwaies at their meales vse a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke which they hold in their other hand vpon the same dish, so that whatsoeuer he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should vnaduisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will giue occasion of offence vnto the company, as hauing transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. . . . The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means indure to haue his dish touched with fingers, seing all men's fingers are not alike cleane.' We see, too, that Coryat was the first to introduce the new appliance into his native land. He tells us that he thought it best to imitate the Italian fashion not only in Italy and Germany, but 'often in England' after his return; and he relates how a learned and jocular gentleman of his acquaintance rallied him on that account and called him 'Furcifer.' In one of Ben Jonson's plays, *The Devil is an Ass*, dating from 1614, the use of forks is mentioned as lately imported from Italy, in order to save napkins. We must conceive, then, that Shakespeare was as unfamiliar with the use of the fork as a Bedouin Arab of to-day."

151. *Patience*, etc.:—"This little speech of Katharina's," says Clarke, "affords an evidence of what, to our minds, Shakespeare subtly conveys in the drawing of her character—that she is not intrinsically of so bad a nature as she is generally supposed to be. Her first word in deprecation of her husband's violence is not a complaint for herself, but is uttered on behalf of *another*—a servant. Moreover, she finds that he does not treat *her* roughly, but does all avowedly *for her sake*; also, while rating and raving at others, he addresses her as *good, sweet Kate* and *sweet Kate*; thus maintaining the impression of his personal regard and con-

sideration for her amid all his general turbulence. The fact is, that Petruchio practically shows Katharina how ugly violent temper is in its manifestations; and she has the sense to read the lesson, and take its teaching home."

168. *both of us*:—Clarke bids us observe "that Petruchio—or rather Shakespeare through him—well knew the magic power of the little words 'both of us,' 'ourselves,' 'we,' in a husband's mouth to a wife, or in a wife's to a husband. Likewise, by the kindly ingenuity of making Kate's special fault his own as well as hers, in this admission that they both would do well to try and avoid those things that tend to foster it, Petruchio adopts one of the best means of leading to its cure, and of inducing her to join him in effecting this. Surely Shakespeare's subtlety was one of his finest characteristics, so essentially does he manifest it in his moral delineations."

Scene II.

54. *the taming-school*:—The old play has this dialogue here:—

Val. . . .
But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?
Aurel. He is: and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.
Vale. He saies so.
Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.
Vale. The taming schoole: why is there such a place?
Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.

Scene III.

[*Enter Katharina.*] Here the old play:—

Enter *Sander and his Mistres.*

San. Come Mistris.
Kate. Sander, I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.
San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.
Kate. Why man thy Maister needs neuer know it.
San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?
San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too cholerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?
Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.
San. I but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stincke,
and then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?
Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.
San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.
Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.
She beates him.
San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keep you fasting for it this two daies.
Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.
San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his daggers point, and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here *Kate* I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankes,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankeful for the next you haue.
Kate. Why I thanke you for it.
Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it hence I say.
San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.
Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.
Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.
Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house:

Feran. I, when you 'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,
And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree. *Ex Omnes.*

25. *the mustard is too hot*:—This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. Thus, in *The Glass of Humours*: "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, *scorched, dry meats*, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours."

47. *I thank you, sir*:—"This, and her previous *I pray you, let it stand*, excellently depict," as Clarke observes, "the half-sullen, half-passive condition that comes as a reaction after Katharina's late relapse into an outburst of petulance and wrath. She is somewhat ashamed of having been betrayed into it; the more from finding that her husband himself brings her the food she hungers for. Then follows another outbreak, upon the trial to womanly patience at hearing well-fashioned attire disparaged by masculine ignorance in such matters; but even this subsides before the absurdity as well as violence of his pretending not to hear her, and flying out at the haberdasher and tailor: and it is her last exhibition of temper. She perceives her mistake, and, like a sensible woman, sets about her own cure by thenceforth maintaining a strict guard over herself. The gradual as well as quietly indicated way in which this is done bears witness to Shakespeare's skill in mental delineation; and, indeed, his mode of depicting the process of moral reform in certain of his characters is one of his most wondrous masteries."

61. *Come, tailor*, etc.:—Again, in the old play:—

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.
Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?
Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.
Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.
She sets it one hir head.
Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.
Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

.

San. Doost thou heare *Taylor,* thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me.
Thou 'st faste many men.
Taylor. Well sir.
San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.
Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?
Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.
San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?
Feran. Tailor come hether; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
Taylor. I thanke you sir. *Exit Taylor.*

Scene IV.

5. *Pegasus*:—Shakespeare, according to Steevens, has here taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua. Clarke, however, remarks that it was as likely to be used in Italy as in England.

Scene V.

2. *how bright and goodly shines the moon!*—Here the old play has:—

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.
Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun
Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.
Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.
Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus alone.*

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derect me the way to *Athens?*
Ferando speakes to the olde man.
Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Than pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasinthe*,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring *Cepherus* in silver boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweete *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.
Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.
Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,

Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.
Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son. *Exit Duke.*
Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
And now perswade him to his shape againe. *Ex Omnes.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

89. *Call forth an officer*:—Here in the old play we find Sly thus speaking:—

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.
Slie. I tell thee Sim wele haue no sending.
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.
Slie. Are they run away *Sim*? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord.
Slie drinkes and then falls asleepe.

Scene II.

129. *The more fool you*, etc.:—"This speech of a bride, a wife of a few hours' old, puts the climax," as Clarke thinks, "to the

delineation of Bianca's character. Shakespeare has drawn her perfectly; as one of those girls superficially thought to be so 'amiable,' but, when thoroughly known, found to be so self-opinionated, sly, and worthless."

189. [*Exeunt.*] In the old play we find Sly disposed of in the following manner:—

> Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
> Owne apparell againe and leaues him
> Where they found, him, and then goes out.
> Then enter the *Tapster.*

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I think he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how *Slie,* Awake for shame.
Slie. Sim gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?
Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken still?
Slie. Whose this? *Tapster,* oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.
Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight.
Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me.
Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

Questions on

The Taming of the Shrew.

1. Upon what old play is this present one of Shakespeare based?
2. How has Shakespeare improved on the original?
3. From whom did he take the suggestion for the Induction? Mention the source of the under plot; of the Latin lesson.

INDUCTION.

4. Explain the purpose of the Induction. Is it thoroughly welded with the play?
5. What habit of Elizabethan audiences is appropriated to the action of the play?
6. How does Sly answer the Hostess's plea that he pay for broken glasses? What humorous characteristic does he display?
7. What comparison is implied between beast and man in Sc. i.?
8. With what purpose does the Lord undertake the jest which he plays upon Sly?
9. How is his plan further elaborated by the arrival of players? What custom of Elizabethan times does this episode of the players reflect?
10. Does Sly realize the Lord's expectations? How is Sly shown a braggart?
11. Is the vulgarity of Sly any worse than that of the Lord?

ACT FIRST.

12. How does Shakespeare characterize Padua, Lombardy, Pisa?
13. Who was Lucentio's father? What had been Lucentio's education? What relaxation did he seek?
14. How is he answered by Tranio? Explain the allusion to Aristotle and Ovid.

15. Who enter in company with Baptista and his two daughters? What condition has he set to the marriage of Bianca? What is Lucentio's first impression of her?

16. How do Hortensio and Gremio plan to overcome the obstacle in the way of their addresses to Bianca? How does Lucentio likewise?

17. What is Sly's comment on the play? Describe the humour of Shakespeare's characterization of the Tinker.

18. What hint of Petruchio's character do you get from his encounter with his man Grumio, Sc. ii.?

19. Upon what mission do we find Petruchio bent?

20. Does his extravagance make him a character of comedy or of farce?

21. What plan for seeing Bianca does Hortensio make with Petruchio?

22. Explain the allusion (ii. 257, 258) to Hercules and Alcides.

ACT SECOND.

23. How does the opening of this Act exhibit Katharina?

24. Explain the expression (i. 34) *lead apes in hell*. In what sense does Beatrice use it in *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. i. 40? Does not Katharina show a genuine desire to marry?

25. How does Baptista stipulate that Katharina shall be won? How does Petruchio describe his manner of wooing?

26. Is the scene of Katharina beating her music master more humorous in the telling than it would be enacted before the spectators?

27. Describe the probable manner of Katharina's entrance in the first Scene after line 182.

28. In comparison with that, show the humour of Petruchio's opening of the dialogue with Katharina.

29. Was Katharina small or large? Where do you find confirmation of your view?

30. What was it that brought Katharina around to assent to the match?

31. What form of betrothal did Baptista use? Was it English?

32. What remarkable examples of local colour does this Act contain? From this and *The Merchant of Venice* what reasons do commentators find to believe that Shakespeare travelled in Italy?

ACT THIRD.

33. Mention some tributes in this and other plays made to music.
34. Describe the scene of the lessons.
35. What is the cumulative effect of Sc. ii.?
36. When does the taming first begin?
37. How does Shakespeare here and elsewhere refer to *school*?
38. Why is the marriage-scene not enacted in the sight of the spectators?
39. How does the report of it by Grumio assist the effect of the scene immediately following?

ACT FOURTH.

40. Indicate the dramatic purpose of the early part of Sc. i., carried on between Curtis and Grumio.
41. How does Katharina take the part of the servants against Petruchio?
42. Describe how the bride and bridegroom finished the day together.
43. What sporting figure does Shakespeare employ in Petruchio's soliloquy at the end of Sc. i.?
44. How is the ground abandoned by the other lovers of Bianca in favour of Lucentio?
45. Whom does Hortensio promise to wed? How does this match of Hortensio furnish a faint shadow of the main plot?
46. For what purpose is the Pedant made to personate Vincentio?
47. In what other play does Shakespeare make use of the restrictive laws passed by Italian cities against each other? How, in this one, is such a law made to subserve the plot?
48. Explain how the plight of Katharina as depicted in Sc. iii. is comic and not pathetic?
49. What sign of relenting does Petruchio give in lines 50-60?
50. How further is Katharina tried?
51. What stages in the under plot are accomplished in Sc. iv.?
52. What height of comic absurdity does the main plot reach in Sc. v.? Is this the climax of the play? Indicate the exact point.
53. Show how all the threads of the drama are drawn together at the close of the fourth Act.

ACT FIFTH.

54. What does the opening of this Act foreshadow?

55. How do the real and the counterfeit fathers of Lucentio meet? What is the dramatic purpose of this parley?

56. Is the intrigue of the under plot convincing? Show wherein it is weak.

57. Indicate the dramatic nature of the last Scene.

58. What wager does Petruchio lay, and how is it won?

59. Does Petruchio ever show genuine ill humour?

60. Does this play convey a sense of reality?

61. Its moral is obvious. State what it is.

62. Why does Sly disappear after the first Act?

63. Which of the characters is conceived in the highest spirit of comic art?

64. Is there any evil in the nature of Katharina?

65. In comparison with Shakespeare's other comedies, is this noticeably lacking in distinctly poetic qualities? Assign the reason for your view.

The Tragedy of
Coriolanus



AUFIDIUS: "I know thee not:—thy name?"
CORIOLANUS: "My name is Caius Marcius"
CORIOLANUS *Act IV Scene 5*

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Coriolanus* was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it was originally placed at the head of the division of "Tragedies," occupying pages 1-30; subsequently, however, *Troilus and Cressida* was placed before it. The text of the play is extremely unsatisfactory, due to the careless transcript put into the printers' hands.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Nov. 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

The Date of Composition. There is no definite external evidence for the date of *Coriolanus*:* general considerations of style, diction, and metrical tests† point to 1608-1610 as the most probable years, and justify us in

* The reference to the "ripest mulberry" (III. ii. 79) was thought by Malone and Chalmers to bear on the date; for in 1609 the King made an attempt to encourage the breeding of silkworms. Similarly, Chalmers found in the references to famine and death allusions to the year 1609. Political allusions have also been found. All these doubtful pieces of evidence seem utterly valueless.

† The light-endings and weak-endings, scanty in all the previous plays (the largest number being 21 of the former, and 2 of the latter, in Macbeth), reach the number of 71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony*; 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*; 78 and 52 in *Cymbeline*; 42 and 25 in *The Tempest*; 57 and 43 in *The Winter's Tale*. All these are plays of Shakespeare's Fourth, or last, Period.

placing it next to *Antony and Cleopatra,* closely connected with it by consideration of subject and source.

The Source of the Plot. *Coriolanus* was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans,*" the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra*, and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens,* and which has been fittingly described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." North's monumental version is one of the masterpieces of English prose, and no better proof exists than a comparison of the play with its original. Shakespeare has borrowed North's very vocabulary, and many of his most striking effects; so closely does he follow the whole history that North's prose may actually assist in restoring a defective passage; *e.g.* in Act II. Sc. iii. ll. 251-253 the folio reads:—

> "And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor
> Was his great Ancestor;"

the lines are obviously corrupt, owing to the loss of some words, or of a whole line; the passage is adequately restored simply by "following Shakespeare's practice of taking so many of North's words in their order, as would fall into blank verse," and there is little doubt that it should be printed thus:—

> "[And *Censorinus that was so surnamed.*]
> And nobly named so, *twice being Censor;*"

the words given in italics are those taken from North. As an instance of the closeness of the play to its original the following lines afford an excellent illustration:—

> "Should we be silent *and not speak, our raiment*
> *And state of bodies would bewray what life*
> *We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself*
> *How more unfortunate than all living women*
> *Are we come hither;*"

Shakespeare has here merely touched with the magic of his genius these words of North:—"If we held our peace (my son) and determined *not* to *speak* the *state of* our poor *bodies*, and present sight of *our raiment would* easily *bewray* to thee *what life we have led* at home, *since thy exile* and abode abroad. But *think* how *with thyself, how* much *more unfortunately* than all the women living we are come hither.*" The same correspondence is found in the other great speech of the play; "the two speeches," as Mr. George Wyndham excellently observes, "dressed the one in perfect prose, the other in perfect verse, are both essentially the same under their faintly yet magically varied raiment."

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarised on its title-page:—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer,* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1579."

* "*Unfortunately*" in the editions of 1579, 1595, 1603; but "*unfortunate*" in the 1612 edition; hence some scholars argue that Shakespeare must have used the late edition, and that the play must therefore be dated 1612 or after; the argument may, however, be used the other way round; the emendation in the 1612 edition of North may have been, and probably was, derived from Shakespeare's text.

In this connection it is worth while noting that there is a copy of the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch* in the Greenock Library, with the initials "W. S." In the first place, it is not certain that the signature is genuine; in the second, if it were proved to be Shakespeare's, it would merely seem that Shakespeare possessed this late edition of the work. *Julius Cæsar* is sufficient evidence that he possessed a copy of one of the early editions. It happens that in the Greenock copy there are some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, and these seem to me to tell against the genuineness of the initials on the fly-leaf. *Vide* Skeat's "*Shakespeare's Plutarch*," Introduction.

A worthy tribute to North's memory is the noble edition of his work, now in course of publication, in the "Tudor Translation Series," issued by Mr. Nutt, with an introductory study of rare excellence by Mr. Wyndham; his dedicatory words should be remembered:—"THIS TRANSFIGURATION IN UNFADING ENGLISH OF AN IMMORTAL BOOK."

Duration of Action. The time of this play is eleven days represented on the stage with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 3, Act I. Sc. iii. to x. *Interval. Day* 4, Act II. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 5, Act II. Sc. ii. to Act IV. Sc. ii. *Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. iii. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. iv. and v. *Interval. Day* 8, Act IV. Sc. vi. *Interval. Day* 9, Act IV. Sc. vii. *Interval. Day* 10, Act V. Sc. i.-v. *Interval. Day* 11, Act V. Sc. vi

The actual Historical time represented in this play "comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266" (*vide New Shak. Soc. Transactions,* 1877).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. After the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome ensues a famine, which is relieved by a free distribution of corn. This allowance encourages the plebeians to make further demands upon the patricians, from whom they ask corn henceforth at their own price. As a concession, five tribunes elected by themselves are allowed to represent them—two of whom, Sicinius Velutus and Junius Brutus, are demagogues, and, therefore, opposed to Caius Marcius, a high-minded nobleman, who will not curry favour with the populace. Naturally Marcius is unpopular, in spite of a splendid military record; but war breaking out at this time with the Volscians, he is enabled to regain popular favour and win fresh glory. He does such heroic deeds at Corioli that the two other generals and all the army enthusiastically greet him with the title of Coriolanus.

II. A triumph is accorded Coriolanus on his return to Rome; and the senate elects him consul. It is necessary, however, that he should also have the "voice of the people" through open solicitation. To the proud, reserved man the task is a hard one, and his overtures to the citizens are made so awkwardly, that although he is privately given their voice, they are discontented, and it needs only the influence of Sicinius and Brutus to cause them to repent their decision.

III. When it comes to the open choice of Coriolanus for consul the fickle people disavow him. His ire is

aroused, causing him to make vehement statements against the popular rights. The utterances are gladly seized upon and made use of by the two tribunes, who condemn him to exile, by decree of the people.

IV. Deeply wounded at the ingratitude, and thirsting for revenge, Coriolanus goes to Antium where his Volscian foe, Tullus Aufidius, dwells. He makes peace with that general, who is delighted to acquire the aid of the stoutest arm in Italy just at a time when a new campaign against the Romans is being planned, though he soon after begins to dread Coriolanus's power. The expedition proceeds against Rome, to the utter dismay of the tribunes and their adherents.

V. The Roman forces being powerless to cope with the invasion, send peaceful embassies to Coriolanus, now encamped with Aufidius near the capital city. Though Coriolanus's stanchest friends are sent to him, he remains obdurate until his well-beloved mother and his wife come to make powerful entreaty. He cannot withstand their prayers, and raises the siege without striking a blow. The Volscian army returns to Antium. Coriolanus attempts to justify his conduct to the lords of the city, and doubtless would have succeeded on account of his numerous conquests, had not Aufidius used his final action before Rome for a text to charge him with treachery. In the ensuing dispute some conspirators hired by Aufidius assassinate Coriolanus.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Coriolanus—His Strength and His Weakness.

A haughty and passionate feeling, a superb egotism, are with Coriolanus the sources of weakness and of strength. The tragic study of the play is not that of patricians with plebeians, but of Coriolanus with his own

self. It is not the Roman people who bring about his destruction; it is the patrician haughtiness and passionate self-will of Coriolanus himself. Were the contest of political parties the chief interest of Shakspere's drama, the figures of the tribunes must have been drawn upon a larger scale. They would have been endowed with something more than "foxship." As representatives of a great principle, or of a power constantly tending in one direction, they might have appeared worthy rivals of the leaders of the patrician party; and the fall of Coriolanus would be signalized by some conquest and advance of the tide of popular power. Shakspere's drama is the drama of individuality, including under this name all those bonds of duty and of affection which attach man to his fellow man, but not impersonal principles and ideas. The passion of patriotism, high-toned and enthusiastic, stands with Shakspere instead of general political principles and ideas; and the life of the individual is widened and elevated by the national life, to which the individual surrenders himself with gladness and with pride.

The pride of Coriolanus is, however, not that which comes from self-surrender to and union with some power or person or principle higher than one's self. It is twofold—a passionate self-esteem which is essentially egoistic, and, secondly, a passionate prejudice of class. His nature is the reverse of cold and selfish; his sympathies are deep, warm, and generous; but a line, hard and fast, has been drawn for him by the aristocratic tradition, and it is only within that line that he permits his sympathies to play. To the surprise of the tribunes, he can accept, well pleased, a subordinate command under Cominius. He yields with kindly condescension to accept the devotion and fidelity of Menenius, and cherishes towards the old man a filial regard—the feeling of a son who has the consciousness that he is greater than his father. He must dismiss Menenius disappointed from the Volscian camp; but he contrives an innocent fraud by means of which the old senator will fancy that he has effected

more for the peace of Rome than another could. For Virgilia, the gentle woman in whom his heart finds rest, Coriolanus has a manly tenderness and constant freshness of adhesion:—

> "O, a kiss
> Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
> Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
> I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
> Hath virgin'd it e'er since!"

. . . The weakness, the inconstancy, and the incapacity of apprehending facts which are the vices of the people, reflect and repeat themselves in the great patrician; his aristocratic vices counterbalance their plebeian. He is rigid and obstinate; but under the influence of an angry egoism he can renounce his principles, his party, and his native city. He will not bear away to his private use the paltry booty of the Volsces; but to obtain the consulship he is urged by his proud mother and his patrician friends to stand bareheaded before the mob, to expose his wounds, to sue for their votes, to give his heart the lie, to bend the knee like a beggar asking an alms. The judgement and blood of Coriolanus are ill commingled; he desires the end, but can only half submit to the means which are necessary to attain that end; he has not sufficient self-control to enable him to dispose of those chances of which he is lord. And so he mars his fortune. The pride of Coriolanus, as Mr. Hudson has observed, is "rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion; insomuch that if a spark of provocation is struck into the latter, the former instantly flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of common sense." Now, such passion as this Shakspere knew to be weakness, and not strength; and by this uncontrollable violence of temper Coriolanus draws down upon himself his banishment from Rome and his subsequent fate.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Coriolanus himself stands out, in Shakespeare, yet more than in Plutarch, as a giant among pigmies. He has the surpassing excellences of the true aristocrat, and seems to embody at once the aristocratic ideals of heroic Greece and of feudal chivalry He scorns money and pain; he has a natural eloquence always at command, and everything he says is impressed with an indefinable greatness. Less "churlish and solitary" than in Plutarch, for Shakespeare gives him the adoring friendship of Menenius and Cominius, he is at bottom more "uncivil," less fit for citizenship, more impracticable in his passionate self-will. This aspect of his character Shakespeare has emphasised with a series of admirably imagined strokes. It is only in the drama that Coriolanus revolts against the traditional ceremony of displaying his wounds, and declaims, with the naïve unreason of a headstrong nature, against the authority of "custom," on which his own patrician privilege ultimately rested. His vengeance is far more sweeping and uncompromising. He comes to burn Rome, not to get reasonable concessions for his allies; far from "keeping the Noble men's lands and goods safe from harm and burning," he sternly dismisses the appeal of his noble friends for discrimination; he cannot stay to pick the few grains of wheat in a pile

Of noisome musty chaff.

Political partisanship is effaced in the fury of personal vengeance. Here and there the egoism of the aristocratic temper triumphs in a trait of sarcastic humour, as in the case of the poor man in Corioli who had befriended him, and whose life he wished to save, but whose name was "By Jupiter! forgot."

Coriolanus, says Mr. Barrett Wendell, owes his fate to "a passionate excess of inherently noble traits, whose very nobility unfits them for survival in the ignoble world about them." He represents "aristocracy as nobly worthy of dominance as in Henry V., and yet as inexorably doomed as in Antony." But the man who pic-

tured Henry before Agincourt among the common soldiers hardly thought that the insolent hauteur of Coriolanus was sufficiently explained and excused by his having to lead a " musty superfluity " of " dissentious rogues." The tribunes themselves are permitted to utter a palpable home-truth, when they tell him:—

> You speak o' the people,
> As if you were a god to punish, not
> A man of their infirmity.

Even Coriolanus's valour is described with a fire chiefly of the imagination. The magnificent battle-poetry of this play betrays no martial enthusiasm, like that which glows so transparently in the choruses of *Henry V.* The career of Coriolanus, with his fabulous, yet, in the sequel, futile valour, is a satire upon militarism; and the sublime images in which his feats are told—he " struck Corioli like a planet "—" as weeds before a vessel under sail, so men obey'd and fell below his stem "—only make the undertone of irony more explicit. Shakespeare had dared to laugh at Achilles and Ajax; but the Homeric grandeur of Coriolanus (communicated through an utterly un-Homeric style) conceals a not less bitter sense of the futilities of heroism.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

III.

Volumnia.

He [Coriolanus] is prouder of his mother than of himself; cares more to please her than himself; owns no titles to honour in himself but what he can refer to that honoured source, nor covets any returns but such as will magnify the part she has in him; in brief, he looks up to her as a superior being whose benediction is the best grace of his life; and his profound awe of her person and of her rights in him is itself a principle of such in-

trinsic greatness and energy as would burst asunder the cold, dry ligatures of an ignoble and ungenerous nature. When, upon her coming out to intercede with him, he says, "My mother bows; as if Olympus to a molehill should in supplication nod," we have the sublimity of filial reverence, imaged in a form not more magnificent in itself than characteristic of the speaker.

Volumnia has the same essential greatness of character, and the same high-strung pride; the whole being cast, however, in a perfectly feminine mould, and rendered mellow and considerate by a larger experience and a more disinterested spirit. More firm and steady, too, because less passionate, her pride is never inflamed into any breach of propriety and decorum; on the contrary, she seems to become more dignified and self-possessed when her pride is chafed and galled. And her energy of will and thought, if not greater than her son's, yet in the end outwrestles his, because it proceeds on grounds less selfish and personal. It was a very profound insight of woman's nature that led the Poet to represent her as exhorting her son to temporise with the people, and to use arts for conciliating them which had no allowance in his bosom's truth; for even so woman, as having less of wilfulness and more of sensibility in the reason, naturally judges the quality of an action more by the consequences which she hopes or fears therefrom. What a story does the life of this mother and this son, with their reciprocal action and influence, as set forth in the play, tell us of the old Roman matronage, and of that profound religion toward womanhood which formed so large and powerful an element in the social constitution of republican Rome! And what a comment does this deep awe of motherhood, taken along with the history of that wonderful nation, read upon the precept, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!" for reverence of children to their fathers is the principle that binds together successive generations in one continuous

life. So that the loosening or impairing of this tie is the beginning of national dissolution. For, in forgetting the past, men do but teach the future to forget themselves; and where we find a present that honours not a past, there we may be sure the very genius of nationality is gone.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Virgilia.

This name [of Coriolanus—" My gracious silence "—] for his wife, who, while the others are receiving him with loud rejoicings, meets and welcomes him with speechless happiness looking out from her swimming eyes, is conceived in the very fulness of poetical and Shakespearian perfection. It comprises the gracefulness of beauty which distinguishes her, and the gracious effect which her muteness of love-joy has upon him who shrinks from noisy applause and even from merely expressed approbation; and it wonderfully concentrates into one felicitous word the silent softness that characterizes Virgilia throughout. She is precisely the woman—formed by nature gentle in manner, and rendered by circumstances sparing in speech—to inspire the fondest affection in such a man as Coriolanus; and we accordingly find him a passionately attached husband. The few words he addresses to her in the course of the play are among the most intense utterances of spousal enamouredness that even Shakespeare has written. The dramatic portrait of Virgilia we have always considered to be one of the very finest of the Poet's sketch-productions. It is put in with the most masterly touches; it paints her by very few strokes, very few colours; but they are so true, so exquisitely artistic, that they present her to the life. She is supremely gentle, and, like most women whose gentleness is their chief characteristic, singularly immovable,

not to say obstinate, when once resolved: she is habitually silent, as the wife of such a man as Coriolanus and daughter-in-law of such a woman as Volumnia would assuredly become, being naturally of a gentle disposition; and this combination of gentleness and silence is wonderfully drawn by Shakespeare throughout the character-portrait, and as wonderfully condensed here into one expressive name.

CLARKE: *Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare.*

V.

Aufidius.

The varying feelings of Aufidius are such as may be often observed to arise in the contentions of able and ambitious men for honour or power, and are just such as would, under these circumstances, be natural in a mind like that of Aufidius—ambitious, proud, and bold, with many noble and generous qualities, yet not above the influence of selfish and vindictive emotions and desires. The mortification of defeat embitters his rivalry to hatred. When afterwards his banished rival appeals to his nobler nature, that hatred dies away, and his generous feeling revives. Bitter jealousy and hatred again grow up, as his glories are eclipsed by his former adversary; yet this dark passion, too, finally yields to a generous sorrow at his rival's death. I think that I have observed very similar alternations of such mixed motives and sentiments, in eminent men, in the collisions of political life.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VI.

Menenius.

If there be any person in the play whom the Poet shows a leaning to more than another, it is old Menenius,

a frank, patriotic, liberal soul, who is genially and lovingly humourous towards the people even when his eye is upon their faults, yet free and upright in reproving them, though at the same time sensible of their virtues; who smilingly stoops to play jokes upon them, that so he may soothe and sweeten their exasperated minds; exercising his good-natured wit to heal as fast as his sharpness wounds; and thus standing at an equal remove from the insulting aristocrat and the snaky demagogue.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Aristocracy Against Democracy.

Shakespear has in this play shown himself well versed in history and state affairs. *Coriolanus* is a storehouse of political commonplaces. Any one who studies it may save himself the trouble of reading Burke's *Reflections,* or Paine's *Rights of Man,* or the Debates in both Houses of Parliament since the French Revolution or our own. The arguments for and against aristocracy or democracy, on the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, power and the abuse of it, peace and war, are here very ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher. Shakespear himself seems to have had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin; and to have spared no occasion of bating the rabble. What he says of them is very true: what he says of their betters is also very true, though he dwells less upon it.

The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor; therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves: therefore they ought to be beaten. They work

hard; therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden. They are ignorant; therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food, or clothing, or rest —that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable. This is the logic of the imagination and the passions; which seek to aggrandize what excites admiration and to heap contempt on misery, to raise power into tyranny, and to make tyranny absolute.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

A theatrical audience of those days was, to Shakespeare's eyes at any rate, an uncultivated horde, and it was this crowd which represented to him "the people." He may have looked upon them in his youth with a certain amount of good will and forbearance, but they had become entirely odious to him now. It was undoubtedly the constant spectacle of the "*understanders*," and the atmosphere of their exhalations, which caused his scorn to flame so fiercely over democratic movements and their leaders, and all that ingratitude and lack of perception which, to him, represented "the people."

With his necessarily slight historical knowledge and insight, Shakespeare would look upon the old days of both Rome and England in precisely the same light in which he saw his own times. His first Roman drama testifies to his innately anti-democratic tendencies. He seized with avidity upon every instance in Plutarch of the stupidity and brutality of the masses. Recall, for example, the scene in which the mob murders Cinna, the poet, for no better reason than its fury against Cinna, the conspirator (*Julius Cæsar*, III. iii.).

This point of view meets us again and again in *Coriolanus*; and whereas, in his earlier plays, it was only occasionally and, as it were, accidentally expressed, it has now grown and strengthened into deliberate utterance.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

The humorous scenes which give the play variety were entirely contributed by Shakespeare; and the presentation of the mob is highly characteristic. The Poet hated the irrationality and violence of untrained men. Coriolanus never for a moment conceals his contempt for them:—

> I heard him swear,
> Were he to stand for consul, never would he
> Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
> The napless vesture of humility;
> Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
> To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

This is quite in accord with Casca's contempt for the "rabblement" which "hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath," because Cæsar refused the crown. This contempt finds its most satiric expression in Jack Cade's manifesto:—

"Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass."

In complete contrast with this conception of the common people as a mere rabble, full of passion and devoid of ideas, stands Coriolanus—a typical aristocrat, with the virtues of the aristocrat: courage, indifference to pain, scorn of money, independence of thought, command of eloquence, and natural aptitude for leadership. These great qualities are neutralized by colossal egotism, manifesting itself in a pride so irrational and insistent that, sooner or later, by the necessity of its nature, it must produce the tragic conflict. Coriolanus, in spite of his great faults, has heroic proportions, and fills the play with the sense of his superiority; he lives and dies like a true tragic hero.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

VIII.

Dramatic Features.

There is more unity in the tragedy of *Coriolanus* than in either of the other Roman plays; yet, grand and powerful as it is, its tragical interest is less than that of *Julius Cæsar* and its poetical merit less than that of *Antony and Cleopatra*. There is something hard about it, both in sentiment and in style. The delineation of social and personal pride is not a subject to evoke much sympathy or emotion, and although it may in its course reach sublime heights, its sublimity is wholly independent of moral greatness. Of all Shakespeare's greater works, this is the most difficult to construe; the unintelligibility of several passages is doubtless due to some corruption of the text, but besides this, the general style is exceedingly obscure, and overloaded with metaphorical and elliptical expressions. Even the great scene between Coriolanus and his mother is not of uniform excellence.

STAPFER: *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity.*

The Tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune, fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is perhaps too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Caius Marcius, afterwards Caius Marcius Coriolanus.
Titus Lartius, Cominius, } *generals against the Volscians.*
Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*
Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, } *tribunes of the people.*
Young Marcius, *son of Coriolanus.*
A Roman Herald.
Tullus Aufidius, *general of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, *mother to Coriolanus.*
Virgilia, *wife to Coriolanus.*
Valeria, *friend to Virgilia.*
Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

Scene: *Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.*

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the

object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he 's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He 's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you.
With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em, in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it:
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile

As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?
'Fore me this fellow speaks! what then? what then?

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—

Men. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you 'st hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. You 're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,—

First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What 's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,

Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I 'ld make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: what 's the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on 't. then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us:
The Volsces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'ld revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius! 250

First Sen. [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon. 260

Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he 's well graced, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius ' O, if he
Had borne the business! '

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,

That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence: these are the words: I think
I have the letter here: yes, here it is:
[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.'

First Sen. Our army 's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They 've not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Rome. A room in Marcius' house.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,

his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam: how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum:
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair:
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome': his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly: and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I 'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I 'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it 's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I 'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I 'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours. Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others, on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth! we 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!
[*Alarum far off.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to 't: come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.
Sec. Sol. Nor I. [*Marcius is shut in.*
First Sol. See, they have shut him in.
All. To the pot, I warrant him.
[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir.
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

Scene V.

Within Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
Sec. Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [*Exit Marcius.*
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place:
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,

Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did

Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set we against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, Marcius and Aufidius.

Mar. I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*

Officious and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

The Roman camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, from one side, Cominius with the Romans; from the other side, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that 's what I can: induced
As you have been; that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which without note here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we 'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you:
I mean to stride your steed; and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate

For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X.

The camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He 's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I 'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He 's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour 's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you—
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him: as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He 's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Both. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give

me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can 't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you

are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let 's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Vir. } Nay, 'tis true.
Val. }

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: a letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I 'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh; there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; 180
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home: 190
And welcome, general: and ye 're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right. 200

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges horsed
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours; which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition: and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of

the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he 's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volsces and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here, both to thank and to remember

With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state 's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*] Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That 's off, that 's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people:
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people, 80
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That 's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years, 90
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed 100
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all's his:
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend the time to end it.

Men. He 's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a

monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you; pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of the Citizens.*] So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter a third Citizen.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There 's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the three Citizens.*

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not desired nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies,

you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here;
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus. I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe voices.
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That in the official marks invested you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I 'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I 'll keep you company. Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*
He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at 's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?
First Cit. He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
Third Cit. Certainly
He flouted us downright.
First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.
Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.
Third Cit. He said he had wounds which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy: ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught: so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?
Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and now again,
Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?
Third Cit. He 's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
Sec. Cit. And will deny him:
I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And [Censorinus] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so: almost all

Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incensed against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abused; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. 'Shall'! 90
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgement and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Senators, etc. We 'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here 's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Senators, etc. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying,*
'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!'
'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'

'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay! hold! peace!'

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath.
Confusion 's near. I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!

Citizens. Let 's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

First Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

Citizens. True,
The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Citizens. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him!

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways, 220
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No, I 'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There 's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away! 230
All will be naught else.

Sec. Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

First Sen. The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol,—

Men. Be gone:
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I 'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

First Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, the vengeance, Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all that do 't and suffer it
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We 'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We 'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I 'll bring him to you.
[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let 's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

A Patrician. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required

I should do so in honour. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I

Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He 's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine,' if death, cry 'Death,'
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.
Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.
Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
First Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! tràitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I 'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,

Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He 's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sic. He 's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let 's see him out at gates; come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits:
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother.
I 'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I 'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let 's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'ld with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we 'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Then when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile*
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let 's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she 's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. O, ye 're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?
Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. Moe noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I 'll tell thee what; yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He 'ld make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.

Vol. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we 'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let 's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
[*Exeunt Vol. and Vir.*

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What 's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you? 10

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance, 20

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town. I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence
are you? Here 's no place for you: pray, go
to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, 10
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to
such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!
Sec. Serv. 'Away!' get you away.
Cor. Now thou 'rt troublesome.
Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I 'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow 's this?
First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him. [*Retires.*
Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.
Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.
Third Serv. What are you?
Cor. A gentleman.
Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.
Cor. True, so I am.
Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.
Cor. Follow your functions, go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*
Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.
Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*
Third Serv. Where dwell'st thou?
Cor. Under the canopy.
Third Serv. Under the canopy!
Cor. Ay.
Third Serv. Where 's that?
Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*

Enter Aufidius with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I 'ld have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*Retires.*

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name? Why speak'st not? speak, man: what 's thy name?

Cor. [*Unmuffling*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what 's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, thou wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tired, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say ' 'Tis true,' I 'ld not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat;
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war

Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two Servingmen come forward.*

First Serv. Here 's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I 'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

Sec. Serv. Who? my master?

First Serv. Nay, it 's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let 's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here 's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?

Third Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

Sec. Serv. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

First Serv. Directitude! what 's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war 's a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

First and Sec. Serv. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Rome. A public place.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.

Enter Menenius.

Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbours.

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell me not:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! was it we? we loved him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here comes the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye 're goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to the Capitol?
Com. O, ay, what else? [*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.
First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong
when we banished him.
Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let 's to the Capitol: would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

A camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,

Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword, yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,

To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, and Sicinius and Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general, who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No, I 'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I 'll undertake 't:
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise'; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do.
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Entrance to the Volscian camp before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.

Enter to them, Menenius.

First Sen. Stay: whence are you?

Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

First Sen. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

First Sen. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. Sen. You 'll see your Rome embraced with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

First Sen. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he 's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

First Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant

cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess,
but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand-
est not i' the state of hanging, or of some death
more long in spectatorship and crueller in suf-
fering; behold now presently, and swoon for
what 's to come upon thee. The glorious gods
sit in hourly synod about thy particular pros-
perity, and love thee no worse than thy old
father Menenius does! O my son, my son!
thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's
water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come
to thee; but being assured none but myself could
move thee, I have been blown out of your gates
with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome
and thy petitionary countrymen. The good
gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of
it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block,
hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. [*Gives him a letter.*]
Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,

Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's any, ye 're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he 's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends

That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*] Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I 'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That 's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady and myself
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you 'ld ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;

That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife and child, to see
The son, the husband and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. A' shall not tread on me;
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have show'd,' the Romans,
'This we received'; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain, but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,

To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There 's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold 's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,

And then I 'll speak a little.

Cor. [*After holding her by the hand, silent*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me: for my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Ay, by and by:—
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy

his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'ld save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I 'ld not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Music still, with shouts.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them.
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c. passing over the stage, followed by Patricians and others.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'
All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome!
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Corioli. A public place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

First Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it,
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd

Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me, gave him way
In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, served his designments
In mine own person, holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till at the last
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colours; the commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgements, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him. 110

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consp. Let him die for 't. 120

All the People. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.' 'He killed my father.'

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds-in

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus: Aufidius stands on his body.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers: I 'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*
A dead march sounded.

Glossary.

Abated, down-trodden, beaten-down (S. Walker conj. "*abased*"); III. iii. 132.

Absolute, perfect; IV. v. 139.

Abused, deceived; III. i. 58.

Addition, title; I. ix. 66.

Advanced, raised, uplifted; I. vi. 61.

Affect, desire, aim at; II. ii. 23.

Affecting, aiming at; IV. vi. 32.

Affection, inclination, tendency; I. i. 107.

Affections, inclinations, desires; I. i. 180.

Affects, aims at; III. iii. 1.

Afric, Africa; I. viii. 3.

After, afterwards; II. ii. 55.

After your way, after you have told his story in your own way; V. vi. 58.

Against, over against, in the way of; III. i. 247.

Age, lifetime; IV. vi. 51.

Ages, time, life; III. i. 7.

Alarum, call to arms; II. ii. 79.

All, any; III. i. 143.

——; "all gaze"; the gaze of every eye; I. iii. 8.

——; "all our lamentation"; *i.e.* "the sorrow of us all"; IV. vi. 34.

Allaying, tempering, diluting; II. i. 49.

Allow, acknowledge; III. iii. 45.

Allowance, acknowledgement, III. ii. 57.

Amazonian chin, chin beardless as that of a female warrior; II. ii. 94.

An, if; II. i. 136.

Ancient, old, former; IV. i. 3; inveterate; II. i. 236; IV. v. 102.

Anon, at once; II. iii. 147, 150.

Answer, meet in battle; I. ii. 19.

——, take advantage; II. iii. 265.

——, punishment, answering of a charge; III. i. 177.

Answering, requiting, paying the debt due to us; V. vi. 67.

Antiates, people of Antium; III. iii. 4.

Antique, old; II. iii. 124.

Appeared, apparent (Hanmer, "*affeer'd*"; Warburton, "*appeal'd*"; Jackson conj. "*apparel'd*"); IV. iii. 9.

Approbation; "upon your a.," for the purpose of confirming your election; II. iii. 150.

Apron-men, mechanics; IV. vi. 96.

Apt, susceptible; III. ii. 29.

Arabia, the Arabian desert; IV. ii. 24.

Are to, belong to; I. i. 276.

Arithmetic, calculation; III. i. 245.

Arm yourself, prepare yourself; III. ii. 138.
Arriving, having reached; II. iii. 187.
Article, condition; II. iii. 202.
Articulate, enter into negotiations; I. ix. 77.
As, as if; I. i. 22, 216.
——, as that: II. i. 239.
——, as that with which; III. iii. 74.
Assembly (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 158.
Assistance, persons assisting (Hanmer, "*assistants*"; Walker, "*assistancy*"); IV. vi. 33.
At, at the price of; V. vi. 46.
At a word, in a word, in short; I. iii. 116.
At home, in my own home; I. x. 25.
Atone, reconciled; IV. vi. 72.
At point, on the point of; III. i. 194.
Attach, arrest; III. i. 175.
Attend, listen; I. ix. 4.
——, await; II. ii. 163.
Attended, waited for; I. x. 30.
Attends, awaits; I. i. 78.
Auburn, probably flaxen (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Abram*"); II. iii. 21.
Audible, quick of hearing; IV. v. 232.
Augurer, soothsayer; II. i. 1.
Austerity and garb, austere demeanour; IV. vii. 44.
Authority, those in power; I. i. 16.
Avoid, quit; IV. v. 25.
——, get you gone; IV. v. 33.
Baes, cries *ba*; II. i. 11.
Bald, senseless; III. i. 165.
——, uncovered, bareheaded; IV. v. 200.
Bale, harm, injury; "must have b.," "must get the worst of it"; I. i. 166.
Bare; "a b. petition" = a mere petition; V. i. 20.
Bats, heavy sticks; I. i. 58.
Batten, grow fat; IV. v. 33.
Battle, army drawn up in battle array; I. vi. 51.
Beam; "below the b. of sight," farther down than the range of sight; III. ii. 5.
Beard to beard, face to face; I. x. 11.
Bear the knave, bear being called knave; III. iii. 33.
Because that, because; III. ii. 52.
Bemock, intensive form of *mock*; I. i. 260.
Be naught, be lost; III. i. 231.
Bended, made obeisance, bowed; II. i. 273.
Be off, take my hat off; II. iii. 105.
Be put, come; III. i. 233.
Best, i.e. best, chief men; I. ix. 77.
Bestrid, bestrode, *i.e.* stood over to defend a fallen soldier; II. ii. 96.
Be that I am, show myself in my true character; I. x. 5.
Bewray, reveal, show, betray; V. iii. 95.
Bisson conspectuities, purblind powers of sight (Folios 1, 2, "*beesome*"; Folios 3, 4, "*beesom*" and "*Besom*"); II. i. 66.

Bleeding, i.e. "without having, as it were, dressed and cured it" (Schmidt); II. i. 79.
Bless'd, happy; II. ii. 61.
Bless from, preserve from; I. iii. 48.
Blood, offspring, son; I. ix. 14.
Blown, swollen; V. iv. 49.
Bolted, sifted, refined; III. i. 322.
Bonnet, cap, hat; III. ii. 73.
Bonneted, i.e. unbonneted, took off their caps or bonnets (Johnson conj. "*unbonnetted*"); II. ii. 29.
Bosom multiplied, "the bosom of that many-headed monster, the people" (Malone); III. i. 131.
Botcher, patcher of old clothes; II. i. 92.
Bountiful, bountifully; II. iii. 107.
Brand, stigma; III. i. 304.
Brawn, brawny or muscular part of the arm; IV. v. 123.
Break his neck, cause his downfall, destroy him; III. iii. 30.
Breathe you, take breath; I. vi. 1.
Briefly, a short time ago, lately; I. vi. 16.
Broils, wars; III. ii. 81.
Broke, broken; IV. iv. 19.
Brow-bound, crowned; II. ii. 101.
Budge, flee, flinch; I. vi. 44.
Bulks, the projecting parts of shops on which goods were exposed for sale; II. i. 218.
Bussing, kissing; III. ii. 75.
By, at; I. vi. 5.
By, in comparison with; I. x. 18.
——, next to, near; III. i. 101.

Cambric, a fine white linen stuff; I. iii. 89.
Came off, escaped; II. ii. 115.
Canker'd, corrupted, polluted; IV. v. 94.
Canopy, i.e. the canopy of heaven, the sky; IV. v. 40.
Capital, deadly; V. iii. 104.
Capitulate, make terms; V. iii. 82.
Caps and legs, salutations, obeisance; II. i. 70.
Carbonado, a piece of meat cut and slashed for broiling; IV. v. 194.
Casque, helmet; IV. vii. 43.
Catched, caught; I. iii. 66.
Cats, a term of contempt (Collier MS., "*Curs*"; Staunton conj. "*Bats*"; Gould conj. "*Rats*"); IV. ii. 34.
Cause, occasion, opportunity; II. iii. 200.
——, quarrel; III. i. 235.
——; "as c. will be obey'd," as occasion shall dictate; I. vi. 83.
Cautelous, crafty; IV. i. 33.
Censure, judgement; I. i. 271.
——, sentence; III. iii. 46.
Censured, estimated; II. i. 22.
Centuries, bodies of a hundred men; I. vii. 3.
Centurions, Roman officers who had the command of a hundred soldiers; IV. iii. 47.
Chafed, vexed, angered; III. iii. 27.

Change of honours, fresh honours, variety of honours (Theobald, "*charge*"); II. i. 207.
Charge, cost; V. vi. 68.
Charg'd, would charge; IV. vi. 112.
Charges, troops, companies; IV. iii. 48.
Charter, privilege; I. ix. 14.
Chats, chats of, gossips about; II. i. 216.
Choice; "at thy c.," do as you like; III. ii. 123.
Choose, fail to; IV. iii. 39.
Chose, chosen; II. iii. 160.
Circumvention, the power of circumventing; I. ii. 6.
Clapp'd to, quickly shut; I. iv. 51.
Clean kam, quite from the purpose; *kam* = crooked; III. i. 304.
Clip, embrace; I. vi. 29.
Cluck'd, called, as a hen does (Folio 1, "*clock'd*"); v. iii. 163.
Clusters, mobs; IV. vi. 122.
Clutch'd, if there were clutched; III. iii. 71.
Cockle, weed which grows in cornfields; III. i. 70.
Cog, cheat, cozen; III. ii. 133.
Coign, corner; V. iv. 1.
Come off, come out of the battle; I. vi. 1.
Comfortable, cheerful; I. iii. 2.
Commanded, entrusted with a command; I. i. 265.
Commandment, command; II. iii. 236.
Commend, recommend, introduce; IV. v. 147.
Common, commons, people; I. i. 154.
Common part, share in common; I. ix. 39.
Companions, fellows (used contemptuously); IV. v. 14.
Complexions, temperaments, dispositions; II. i. 220.
Compounded, agreed; V. vi. 84.
Conclude, decide; III. i. 144.
Condemned, (?) damnable; I. viii. 15.
Condition, disposition; II. iii. 101.
Confirmed, determined, resolute; I. iii. 63.
Confound, waste; I. vi. 17.
Confusion, ruin; III. i. 110.
Conies, rabbits; IV. v. 220.
Conn'd, learned; IV. i. 11.
Consent of, agreement about; II. iii. 25.
Constant, true to my word; I. i. 242.
Contrived, plotted; III. iii. 63.
Convented, convened; II. ii. 57.
Converses, is conversant, associates; II. i. 51.
Corioli walls, the walls of Corioli; I. viii. 8.
Cormorant, ravenous; I. i. 124.
Countenance, mere patronage; V. vi. 40.
Counterpoised, equalled, counter-balanced; II. ii. 90.
Country (trisyllabic); I. ix. 17.
Courage, plain speaking (Collier MS. and Singer MS., "*carriage*"); III. iii. 92.
Crack, boy (slightly contemptuous); I. iii. 72.
Cracking, breaking; I. i. 72.

Crafted fair, made nice work of it; IV. vi. 118.
Cranks, winding passages; I. i. 140.
Cry, pack; III. iii. 120.
——, proclaim; III. i. 275.
Cudgel, thick stick; IV. v. 153.
Cunning, knowledge; IV. i. 9.
Cupboarding, hoarding; I. i. 102.
Curded, congealed (Folios, "*curded*"; Rowe, "*curdled*"); V. iii. 66.
Cypress grove, grove of cypress trees (Folios, "*Cyprus grove*"); I. x. 30.

Dances, causes to dance; IV. v. 119.
Daws, jackdaws (daws were considered as emblems of chattering and foolish persons); IV. v. 46.
Debile, weak; I. ix. 48.
Declines, falls; II. i. 170.
Deed-achieving honour, honour gained by achievement; II. i. 182.
Deliver, narrate, tell your tale; I. i. 98.
——, show; V. vi. 141.
Deliver'd, reported; IV. vi. 63.
Demand, ask; III. iii. 43.
Demerits, merits; I. i. 275.
Deserved, deserving; III. i. 292.
Designments, designs; V. vi. 35.
Despite, spite; III. iii. 139.
Determine, terminate, end; III. iii. 43.
Determined of, decided, concerning; II. ii. 40.
Deucalion, the Greek Noah; II. i. 95.
Devour, destroy; I. i. 261.
Dieted, fed up; I. ix. 52.
Differency, difference (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "*difference*"); V. iv. 11.
Directitude, a coined word not understood; IV. v. 216, 217.
Disbench'd, drove from your seat; II. ii. 74.
Discharge, perform (technical term for playing a part upon the stage); III. ii. 106.
Disciplined, thrashed; II. i. 132.
Disease, disturb, spoil; I. iii. 111.
Disgrace, humiliation; I. i. 97.
Dishonour'd, dishonourable; III. i. 60.
Disposition, five syllables; I. vi. 74.
Dispropertied, taken away (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*disproportioned*"); II. i. 256.
Dissentious, seditious, rebellious; I. i. 167.
Distinctly ranges, stands upright; III. i. 206.
Doit, the smallest piece of money, worth half a farthing; a common metaphor for a trifle; I. v. 7.
Dotant, dotard; V. ii. 46.
Doublets, the inner garments of a man; I. v. 7.
Doubt, fear; III. i. 152.
Drachma, an ancient Greek coin (Folios 1, 2, "*Drachme*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Drachm*"; Staunton, "*dram*"); I. v. 6.
Drop, shed; I. v. 19.

Each way, in every way; III. i. 49.

Ears; "by the e.," quarrelling; I. i. 236.

Edge, sword; I. iv. 29.

Effected, achieved; I. ix. 18.

Embarquements, probably embargo, restrain, hinderance (Rowe, "*Embarkments*"; Hanmer, "*Embankments*"; Warburton, "*Embarrments*," etc.); I. x. 22.

Embracements, embraces; I. iii. 4.

Empiricutic, quackish (probably a coined word); Folios 1, 2, "*Emperickqutique*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Empericktique*"; Pope, "*Emperic*"; Collier MS., "*Empiric physic*"); II. i. 121.

Emulation, envious contention; I. i. 217.

End; "for an e.," to bring matters to a crisis (according to some = to cut the matter short); II. i. 252.

End all his, make all his own at last ("end," a provincial term for getting in a harvest) V. vi. 37.

Endure, remain; I. vi. 58.

Enemy (used adjectively; Folio 4, "*enemy's*"); IV. iv. 24.

Enforce, urge, lay stress upon; II. iii. 225.

Enter'd in, acquainted with; I. ii. 2.

Entertainment, engaged for service; IV. iii. 48.

——, reception; IV. v. 10.

Envied against, shown malice, ill-will toward (Becket conj. "*inveigh'd*"); III. iii. 95.

Envy, hatred, malice; III. iii. 3.

Envy you, show hatred against you (Keightley, "*envy to you*"); III. iii. 57.

Estimate, worth; III. iii. 114.

Even, equably; IV. vii. 37.

Ever, ever, always the same; II. i. 201.

Exposture, exposure; IV. i. 36.

Extol, praise, laud; I. ix. 14.

Extremities, urgent necessity; III. ii. 41.

Factionary, taking part in a quarrel; V. ii. 30.

Factions, parties, sides in a quarrel; I. i. 196.

Fail in, fail in granting; V. iii. 90.

Fair, kind, conciliatory; III. iii. 91.

Fairness, best; I. ix. 73.

Falsely, treacherously; III. i. 60.

Fame and envy, detested or odious fame; I. viii. 4.

Fane, temple; I. x. 20.

Fatigate, fatigued, wearied; II. ii. 120.

Favour, countenance, look; IV. iii. 9.

Fear, fear for; I. vii. 5.

Feebling, weakening; I. i. 198.

Fell, cruel; I. iii. 48.

Fellest, cruellest, fiercest; IV. iv. 18.

Fidiused, beaten; "jocularly formed from the name of Aufidius" (Folios, "*fiddious'd*"); II. i. 137.

Fielded, in the field; I. iv. 12.
Fillip, strike, beat; V. iii. 59.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 194.
Fires of heaven, stars; I. iv. 39.
First, first-born (Heath conj. "*fierce*"; Keightley, "*fairest*"; Cartwright conj. "*dear'st*"); IV. i. 33.
Fit o' the time, present distemperature; III. ii. 33.
Fit you, fit yourself; II. ii. 145.
Flamens, priests; II. i. 221.
Flaw, gust; V. iii. 74.
Flouted, mocked; II. iii. 165.
Fob off, trick, cheat; I. i. 97.
Foil'd, defeated; I. ix. 48.
Fold-in, enclose; III. iii. 68.
Fond, foolish; IV. i. 26.
Fool, play the fool; II. iii. 126.
For, as for; I. i. 68.
——, against; II. ii. 91.
Force, urge; III. ii. 51.
Fore-advised, advised, admonished beforehand; II. iii. 197.
'Fore me, an oath; probably used instead of "*'fore God*"; I. i. 123.
Forgot, forgotten; IV. iii. 3.
Forsworn to grant; sworn not to grant; V. iii. 80.
Forth, forth from, out of; I. iv. 23.
——, gone; IV. i. 49.
For that, because; I. i. 116.
Fosset-seller, seller of fossets or taps (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Forset*"; Folio 4, "*Fauset*"); II. i. 73.
Four, (?) used of an indefinite number; I. vi. 84.
Foxship, ingratitude and cunning; IV. ii. 18.
Fragments, a term of contempt; I. i. 225.
Frame, fashion; III. ii. 84.
Free, liberal; III. ii. 88.
Free contempt, unconcealed contempt; II. iii. 206.
Freelier, more freely; I. iii. 3.
From the canon, against established rule (Mason takes the words to mean "according to rule; alluding to the absolute veto of the tribunes"); III. i. 90.
Front, confront; V. ii. 43.
Full quit of, fully revenged upon; IV. v. 86.
Full third part, by a full third; V. vi. 78.
Further, further business; II. iii. 179.

Gall'd, hurt, wounded; II. iii. 201.
Gan, began; II. ii. 118.
Gangrened, mortified, diseased; III. i. 307.
Garland, crown, glory; I. i. 187.
——, *i.e.* the oaken garland, the prize of victory; II. ii. 104.
Gave him way, gave way to him; V. vi. 32.
Gave me, made me suspect; IV. v. 153.
General louts, stupid bumpkins; III. ii. 64.
Generosity; "to break the heart of g.," *i.e.* "to give the final blow to the nobles" (Johnson); I. i. 214.
Gentry, gentle birth; III. i. 143.
Giber, scoffer; II. i. 85.

Giddy, thoughtless; I. i. 271.
Gird, taunt, jeer at; I. i. 259.
Give, represent; I. ix. 55.
Give me excuse, excuse me, pardon me; I. iii. 114.
Give me way, yields to me; IV. iv. 25.
Given, given the power; III. i. 93.
Godded, idolized; V. iii. 11.
God-den, good even (Folio 4, "*good-e'en*"); II. i. 97.
Gone, ago; I. ii. 6.
Good, rich, with play upon literal sense of the word; I. i. 16.
——, good quality; I. ix. 32.
——, (used ironically); IV. vi. 70.
Good condition, used in double sense; (1) good terms of treaty; (2) good character; I. x. 6.
Good report, reputation; I. ix. 54.
Got on, won from; III. iii. 4.
Grace, show honour to; V. iii. 15.
Gracious, lovely and loveable; II. i. 184.
Grained ash, rough, tough, ashen spear; IV. v. 111.
Gratify, requite; II. ii. 43.
Greater part, majority; II. iii. 41.
Grief-shot, sorrow-stricken; V. i. 44.
Groat, coin of the value of fourpence; III. ii. 10.
Guard; "upon my brother's g.," under the protection of my brother; I. x. 25.
Guess, think, imagine; I. i. 18.
Gulf, whirlpool; I. i. 100.

Had carried, might have carried (or had in effect carried); V. vi. 43.
Had purpose, intended; IV. v. 122.
Hale, haul; V. iv. 40.
Handkerchers, handkerchiefs; II. i. 272.
Hang by the wall, be useless; I. iii. 12.
Hap, happen, chance; III. iii. 24.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. ii. 75.
Has, he has (Folio 3, "*Ha 's*"; Folio 4, "*H'as*"); III. i. 161.
Haver, he who has it, possessor; II. ii. 88.
Have struck, have been striking; I. vi. 4.
Have them into, get themselves into; II. ii. 30.
Have with you, I am with you; come on; II. i. 278.
Havoc, merciless destruction; III. i. 275.
Head; "made new h e a d," raised a fresh army; III. i. 1.
Hear hither, hear the sound here; I. iii. 32.
Heart, sense; II. iii. 210.
Helms, those at the helm, *i.e.* the leaders; I. i. 79.
——, helmets; IV. v. 128.
Helps, remedies; III. i. 221.
Here, "at this point, suiting the action to the word" (Wright); III. ii. 74.
Hereto, hitherto; II. ii. 63.

Hie, hasten; I. ii. 26.
Him, i.e. this one; I. vi. 36.
Hint, occasion, that which gives matter and motive; III. iii. 23.
Hob and Dick, familiar names of clowns; *Hob* diminutive of Robert (*cp.* colloquial use "Tom, Dick, and Harry"); II. iii. 121.
Hold, bear; III. ii. 80.
Holloa, cry hollo! after me, pursue (Folios, "*hollow*"); I. viii. 7.
Holp, helped; III. i. 277.
Home, to the utmost; I. iv. 38.
——, thoroughly; "speak him h.," adequately praise him; II. ii. 106.
Honour'd, honourable; III. i. 72.
Hoo, an exclamation of joy; II. i. 110.
Hoop'd, i.e. whooped, hollowed, hooted; IV. v. 81.
Horse-drench, physic for a horse; II. i. 123.
Hospitable canon, sacred law of hospitality; I. x. 26.
Hours, time (Rowe [ed. 2], "*honours*"); I. v. 5.
Housekeepers, keepers, stayers at home; I. iii. 54.
Hum, to make a sound expressive of contempt or anger (Quartos, "*hem*"); V. i. 49.
Humorous, full of whims and humours; II. i. 47.
Hungry, sterile; V. iii. 58.
Husbandry, management; IV. vii. 22.
Huswife, housewife; I. iii. 74.
Hydra, the fabulous serpent with many heads killed by Hercules; III. i. 93.

Impediment; "your i.." "the obstacles opposed by you"; I. i. 74.
Imperfect, faulty (as a magistrate); II. i. 50.
In, of; II. ii. 14.
——, into; II. iii. 264; III. ii. 91.
——, by; III. i. 210.
——, on; III. iii. 102.
Incorporate, forming one body; I. i. 133.
Infirmity, weakness; "of their i.," subject to the same faults and failings as they; III. i. 82.
Information, the source of information, informant; IV. vi. 53.
Ingrate, ungrateful; V. ii. 89.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. ii. 34.
Inheritance, possessor; III. ii. 68.
Inherited, realised, enjoyed; II. i. 207.
Injurious, insulting; III. iii. 69.
Injury, sense of wrong; V. i. 64.
Innovator, one who changes things for the worse; III. i. 175.
Interims, intervals; I. vi. 5.
Interjoin, cause to intermarry; IV. iv. 22.
Issues, children; IV. iv. 22.
It is, he is (used contemptuously); IV. v. 46.

Jack guardant, a Jack on guard; V. ii. 64.
Jealous queen of heaven, i.e. Juno, the guardian of conjugal fidelity; V. iii. 46.
Judicious, judicial; V. vi. 127.
Jump, risk, hazard (Pope, "*vamp*"; Singer [ed. 2], "*imp*"); III. i. 154.

Kick'd at, scorned, spurned; II. ii. 127.
Knee, go on your knees; V. i. 6.

Lack'd, had lost; III. ii. 23.
Lamentation; "to all our l.," to the sorrow of us all; IV. vi. 34.
Larum, alarm, the call to arms; I. iv. 9.
Late, lately; III. i. 196.
Lay, lodged; I. ix. 82.
Leads, leaden roofs of the houses; IV. vi. 82.
Leash, the string or chain by which a greyhound is held; I. vi. 38.
Leasing, falsehood; V. ii. 22.
Leave, leave off; I. iii. 90.
Leaves, leave; IV. v. 136.
Lenity, mildness, want of severity; III. i. 99.
Lesser, less (Folios 1, 2, "*lessen*"; Rowe, "*Less for*"); I. vi. 70.
Lesson'd, taught by us; II. iii. 183.
Let go, let it go, let it pass; III. ii. 18.
Lets, he lets; II. ii. 15.
Lies, lodges, dwells; IV. iv. 8.
Lies you on, is incumbent upon you; III. ii. 52.
Lieve, lief, gladly (Folios 2, 3, "*live*"; Folio 1, "*liue*"; Capell, "*lief*"); IV. v. 181.
Like, equal; I. i. 103.
——, likely; I. iii. 14.
Liking, good opinion, favour; I. i. 198.
Limitation, required time; II. iii. 144.
List, listen, hear; I. iv. 20.
——, pleasest; III. ii. 128.
Lockram, coarse linen; II. i. 217.
Long of you, owing to you; V. iv. 32.
'Longs, belongs; V. iii. 170.
Looks, seems likely, promises (Hanmer, "*works*"); III. iii. 29.
Lose, waste, by preaching to them in vain; II. iii. 64.
Lots to blanks = all the world to nothing (lots = prizes in the lottery; the reference is to the value of the lots, not to the number); V. ii. 10.
Lover, loving friend; V. ii. 14.
Lurch'd, robbed; II. ii. 104.

Made doubt, doubted; I. ii. 18.
Made fair hands, made good work; IV. vi. 117.
Made head, raised an army; II. ii. 91.
Maims of shame, shameful, disgraceful injuries; IV. v. 80.
Make a lip, curl up my lip in contempt; II. i. 120.

Make good, hold, defend; I. v. 13.
Malice, hatred; II. i. 236.
Malkin, kitchen-wench; probably contraction of Matilda; II. i. 216.
Mammocked, tore in pieces; I. iii. 69.
Man-entered, initiated into manhood; II. ii. 102.
Manifest, notorious; I. iii. 54.
Mankind (i.) masculine; (ii.) a human being; IV. ii. 16.
Many, multitude (Folio 1. "*meynie*"; Folios 2, 3, "*meyny*"; III. i. 66.
Mark, power; II. ii. 92.
Match, bargain; II. iii. 85.
Measles, scurvy wretches; III. i. 78.
Meed, reward; II. ii. 100.
Memory, memorial; IV. v. 74.
Mercy; "at m.," at the mercy of the conquered; I. x. 7.
Merely, absolutely; III. i. 305.
Met, are met (Hanmer, "*meet*"; Capell, "*are met*"; Anon conj. "*we've met*"); II. ii. 50.
Microcosm, little world; II. i. 64.
Minded, reminded; V. i. 18.
Minnows, small fry; III. i. 89.
Mirth; "our better m.," "our mirth, which would be greater without her company" (Schmidt); I. iii. 111.
Misery, wretchedness, poverty; II. ii. 130.
Mock'd, scoffed at; II. iii. 164.
Modest, moderate; III. i. 275.
Moe, more; II. iii. 130.
Monster'd, exaggerated; II. ii. 80.
More, greater; III. ii. 124.
Mortal, fatal; II. ii. 114.
——, mortally; V. iii. 189.
Motion, motive; II. i. 51.
——; "your loving m. towards," "your kind interposition with" (Johnson); II. ii. 56.



(*a*) (*b*)

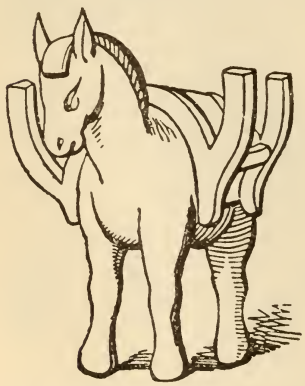
Mummers.
(*a*) From the *Romance of Fauvel* in the National Library, Paris.
(*b*) From a MS. in the Bodleian Library copied by Strutt.

Mountebank their loves, play the mountebank to win their love; III. ii. 132.
Movers, loafers in search of plunder; I. v. 5.
Mull'd, flat, insipid; IV. v. 233.
Multitudinous tongue, the tongues of the multitude; III. i. 156.
Mummers, maskers, masqueraders; II. i. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Muniments, supplies of war; I. i. 121.
Murrain; "a m. on't," a plague upon it (an oath); I. v. 3.
Muse, wonder; III. ii. 7.
Mutiners, mutineers; I. i. 253.
My horse to yours, I 'll wager my horse to yours; I. iv. 2.

Name, credit; II. i. 142.
Napless, threadbare; II. i. 242.
Native, origin, source (Johnson and Heath conj. "*motive*"); III. i. 129.
Nature, natural disposition; IV. vii. 41.
Navel, centre; III. i. 123.
Needer, the man needing the advantage; IV. i. 44.
Nerves, sinews; I. i. 141.
Nervy, sinewy; II. i. 169.
Never-needed; "so n.n.," *i.e.* never so needed; V. i. 34.
Nicely-gawded, daintily bedecked (Lettsom conj. "*nicely-guarded*"); II. i. 225.
Noble, nobles; III. i. 29.
Noble touch, tested nobility; IV. i. 49.
Noise and horn, noisy horn; III. i. 95.
Nose, to scent; V. i. 28.
Not, not only (Hanmer, "*not only*"); III. iii. 97.
Note, notice; I. ix. 49.
Nothing, not at all; I. iii. 105.
Notion, understanding; V. vi. 107.
Now, just; I. ix. 79.

Object, sight; I. i. 20.
Occupation; "the voice of o.," *i.e.* "the votes of the working men"; IV. vi. 97.
O'er-beat, overwhelm (Folios, "*o're-beat*"; Rowe, "*o'erbear*"; Becket conj. "*o'erbear't*"); IV. v. 134.
O'er-peer, rise above; II. iii. 126.
Of, from; II. iii. 243.
——, concerning; I. i. 272.
——, by; I. ii. 13.
Offer'd, attempted; V. i. 23.
——, about, of the value of; IV. iv. 17.
——, on; II. iii. 213.
Office me from, use your office to keep me from; V. ii. 65.
Official marks, tokens of office; II. iii. 146.
On, of (Folios 1, 2, "*one*"); I. ii. 4.
Once, once for all; II. iii. 1.
——, once when; II. iii. 16.
One danger, (?) "constant source of danger" (Theobald, "*our*"); III. i. 288.
Only, sole; I. ix. 36.
On 's, of his; I. iii. 70.
On 't, of it; III. i. 152.

Ope, open; I. iv. 43.
Opinion, public opinion; I. i. 274.
Opposer, opponent; IV. iii. 36.
Opposite, opponent; II. ii. 22.
Orange-wife, woman who sells oranges; II. i. 72.
Ordinance, rank; III. ii. 12.
Osprey, the fishing hawk or eagle, supposed to have the power of fascinating fish (Folios, "*Aspray*"); IV. vii. 34.
Our, from us (Hanmer, "*their*"; Ingleby conj. "*for*"; Lettsom conj. "*a*"; Kinnear, "*as*"); III. i. 121.
Out, thoroughly, out and out; IV. v. 124.
Outdares, exceeds in bravery; I. iv. 53.
Out o' door, out of doors (Folio 1, "*out a doore*"); I. iii. 114.



From a terra-cotta figure found at Moulins-sur-Allier, France.

Out of; "out of daily fortune," *i.e.* "in consequence of uninterrupted success"; IV. vii. 38.
Overta'en, come up with, equalled; I. ix. 19.
Owe, own; III. ii. 130.
Owe you, exposed you to; V. vi. 139.

Pack-saddle; II. i. 93. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Palates; "the greatest taste most p. theirs," the predominant taste savours most of theirs (Johnson, "*must palate*"); III. i. 104.
Paltering, equivocation, trifling; III. i. 58.
Parcel, part; IV. v. 225.
Parcels, portions; I. ii. 32.
Part, side; I. x. 7.
Parted, departed; V. vi. 73.
Participate = participating; I. i. 106.
Particular, personal; IV. v. 89.
——, private interest; IV. vii. 13.
——, personal relation; V. i. 3.
Particularize, specify, emphasize; I. i. 21.
Particulars; "by p.," one by one; II. iii. 48.
Party, side, part; I. i. 237.
Pass, pass by, neglect; II. ii. 142.
Pass doubt, without doubt; II. iii. 263.
Patience; "by your p.," by your leave; I. iii. 78.
Pawn'd, pledged; V. vi. 21.
Penelope, the wife of Ulysses; I. ii. 92.

Pent, the sentence of being pent; III. iii. 89.
Perceive's, perceive his; II. ii. 159.
Peremptory, firmly resolved; III. i. 286.
Pestering, thronging; IV. vi. 7.
Physical, salutary; I. v. 19.
Pick, pitch: I. i. 203.
Piece, piece of money, coin; III. iii. 32.
——, add to; II. iii. 218.
Piercing, sharp, severe; (?) mortifying; I. i. 86.
Pikes, (i.) lances, spears, (ii.) pitch-forks (used with play on both senses); I. i. 23.
Place; "his p.," *i.e.* the consulship; II. i. 158.
Please it, if it please; V. vi. 140.
Plebeii, plebeians (Rowe, "*plebeians*"); II. iii. 190.
Plot; "single p.," my own person, body; III. ii. 102.
Points, commands (as if given by a trumpet); IV. vi. 125.
Poison, destroy: V. ii. 89.
Poll, number, counted by heads (Folios, "*pole*"); III. i. 134.
Polled, bared, cleared (originally *cut the hair*); IV. v. 209.
Poorest, smallest: III. iii. 32.
Portance, bearing, demeanour; II. iii. 230.
Ports, gates; I. vii. 1.
Possessed, informed; II. i. 139.
Post, messenger; V. vi. 50.
Pot; "to the p.," to certain death: I. iv. 47.
Potch, poke; I. x. 15.
Pother, uproar; II. i. 226.
Pound up, shut up as in a pound: I. iv. 17.
Power, army, armed force; I. ii. 9.
Pow, wow, pooh, pooh; II. i. 150.
Practice, stratagem; IV. i. 33.
Prank them, deck themselves (used contemptuously); III. i. 23.
Precipitation, precipitousness; III. ii. 4.
Preparation, force ready for action; I. ii. 15.
Present, present time, opportunity; I. vi. 60.
——, immediate, instant; III. i. 212.
Presently, immediately, at once; IV. v. 223.
Press'd, impressed, forced into service; I. ii. 9.
Pretences, intentions; I. ii. 20.
Progeny, race; I. viii. 12.
Pronounce, pronounce the sentence; III. iii. 88.
Proof; "more p.," more capable of resistance; I. iv. 25.
Proper, own; I. ix. 57.
Properly, as my own personal matter; V. ii. 87.
Proud; "p. to be" = proud of being; I. i. 262.
Provand, provender (Pope, "*provender*"); II. i. 259.
Prove, put to the proof; I. vi. 62.
Puling, whining, whimpering; IV. ii. 52.

Pupil age, pupilage, minority (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Pupilage*"); II. ii. 101.
Purpose; "our p. to them," of announcing our intention to them (*i.e.* the people); II. ii. 155.
Put in hazard, risked; II. iii. 262.
Put upon, incited, urged; II. i. 264.
Put you to 't, put you to the test; I. i. 232.
Put you to your fortune, reduce you to the necessity of making the chances of war; III. ii. 60.
Putting on, instigation; II. iii. 258.

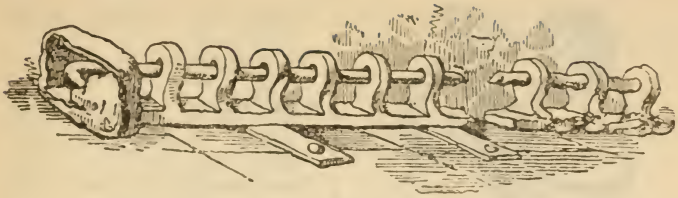
Quaked, made to shudder; I. ix. 6.
Quarry, technically, game alive or dead; here, a heap of dead (a hunting term); I. i. 201.
Quarter'd, slaughtered; I. 202.
Quired, sang in harmony; III. ii. 113.

Rack'd, strained to the utmost; V. i. 16.
Rakes, (i.) instruments for raking, (ii.) good for nothing men (used with play on both senses of the word); I. i. 24.
Rapt, enraptured; IV. v. 119.
Rapture, fit; II. i. 215.
Rascal, originally, a lean and worthless deer; with play on both meanings of the word; I. i. 162.
Reason = "there is reason for it"; IV. v. 241.
——, argue for; V. iii. 176.
——, converse; I. ix. 58.
Reasons, arguments; V. vi. 59.
Receipt; "his r.," that which he received; I. i. 115.
Receive to heart, take to heart; IV. iii. 22.
Reckless, thoughtless; III. i. 92.
Recommend, commit the task; II. ii. 154.
Rectorship, guidance; II. iii. 211.
Reechy, dirty (literally *smoky*); II. i. 217.
Reek, vapour; III. iii. 121.
Rejourn, adjourn; II. i. 73.
Remains, it remains; II. iii. 145.
Remove; "for the r.," to raise the siege; I. ii. 28.
Render, render up, give; I. ix. 34.
Repeal, recall from banishment; IV. vii. 32.
Repetition, utterance, mention; I. i. 47.
Report, reputation; II. i. 122.
——; "give him good r.," speak well of him; I. i. 33.
Request, asking the votes of the people; II. iii. 148.
Require, ask; II. ii. 159.
Rest, stay; IV. i. 39.
Restitution; "to hopeless r.," so that there were no hope of restitution; III. i. 16.
Retire, retreat; I. vi. (direc.).
Rheum, tears; V. vi. 46.
Ridges horsed, ridges of house-roofs with people sitting astride of them; II. i. 219.

Ripe aptness, perfect readiness; IV. iii. 23.
Road, inroad; III. i. 5.
Rome gates, the gates of Rome; IV. v. 208.
Roted, learned by rote; III. ii. 55.
Rub, impediment: a term taken from the game of bowls; III. i. 60.
Ruth, pity; I. i. 200.

Safe-guard; "on s.," under protection of a guard; III. i. 9.
Sat, if there sat; III. iii. 70.
Save you, i.e. God save you (a common form of salutation); IV. iv. 6.
Say, say on, speak; III. iii. 41.
Scabs, a term of extreme contempt; here used quibblingly; I. i. 169.
Scaling, weighing, comparing; II. iii. 255.
Scandal'd, defamed; III. i. 44.
Scarr'd, wounded; IV. v. 112.
Scorn him, disdain to allow him; III. i. 268.
Scotched, cut, hacked; IV. v. 192.
'Sdeath, a contraction of *God's death,* a favorite oath of Queen Elizabeth; I. i. 220.
Season'd, "established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use" (Johnson); "well-ripened or matured and rendered palatable to the people by time" (Wright); "qualified, tempered" (Schmidt); III. iii. 64.
Seeking, request, demand; I. i. 191.
Seld-shown, seldom seen; II. i. 221.
Self; "Tarquin's self," Tarquin himself; II. ii. 97.
Sennet, a particular set of notes played on the cornet or trumpet; II. i. 170.
Sensible, sensitive; I. iii. 89.
Sensibly, endowed with feeling; sensibility; I. iv. 53.
Servanted to, subject to; V. ii. 86.
Set down before 's, besiege us; I. ii. 28.
Set on, incited, instigated (? go on!); III. i. 58.
Set up the bloody-flag, i.e. declare war (a red flag was the signal for battle); II. i. 77.
Several, separate; IV. v. 125.
Sewing, embroidering; I. iii. 55.
Shall, shall go; III. i. 31.
Shall 's, shall we go; IV. vi. 148.
Shame, be ashamed; II. ii. 70.
Shent, reproved, rated; V. ii. 101.
Shop, workshop; I. i. 136.
Should, would; II. iii. 25.
Show'd, would appear; IV. vi. 114.
Show'st, appearest; IV. v. 65.
Shrug, shrug the shoulders as not believing the story; I. ix. 4.
Shunless, not to be shunned or avoided; II. ii. 115.
Side, take sides with; I. i. 196.
Silence, silent one; II. i. 184.
Since that, since; III. ii. 50.

Single, insignificant, simple (used quibblingly); II. i. 37.
Singly, by a single person; II. ii. 90.
Singularity; "more than s.," *i.e.* independently of his own peculiar disposition; I. i. 281.
Sithence, since; III. i. 47.
Sits down, begins the siege; IV. vii. 28.
Slight, insignificant; V. ii. 106.
Slightness, trifling; III. i. 148.
Slip; "let s.," let loose (a hunting term); I. vi. 39.
Small, clear and high; III. ii. 114.
Smote, struck at; III. i. 319.
Soft, gentle; III. ii. 82.
Soldier (trisyllabic); I. i. 119.
Solemness, gravity; I. iii. 114.
So made on, made so much of; IV. v. 197.
So many so, as many as are so; I. vi. 73.
Some certain, some; II. iii. 59.
Something, somewhat; II. i. 49.
Sometime, at one time, formerly; III. i. 115.
Sooth'd, flattered; II. ii. 76.
Soothing, flattery; I. ix. 44.
——, flattering; III. i. 69.
Sort, manner; I. iii. 2.
South; "all the contagion of the s. light on you," the south was regarded as the quarter from which diseases and noxious vapours came; I. iv. 30.
Sowl, pull by the ears; IV. v. 207.
Speak, proclaim themselves; III. ii. 41.
Speed, turn out; V. i. 61.
Spices, samples; IV. vii. 46.
Spirit (monosyllabic); II. i. 169.
Spot, figure, pattern; I. iii. 56.
Spritely, lively; IV. v. 231.
Stain, eclipse; I. x. 18.
Stale 't, make it stale (Folios, "*scale 't*"); I. i. 95.
Stamp'd, given the impress of truth to; V. ii. 22.
Stand, stop; V. vi. 128.
Stand to, uphold; III. i. 208.
——, stand by; V. iii. 199.
Stand upon, insist upon; I. ix. 39.
Stand with, be consistent with; II. iii. 90.
State, government; IV. iii. 11.
Stay upon, wait but for; V. iv. 8.
Steep Tarpeian death, death by being hurled from the high Tarpeian rock; III. iii. 88.
Stem, the forepart of a ship; II. ii. 110.
Sticks on, is fixed on like an ornament; I. i. 274.
Stiff, obstinate (perhaps = unable to move); I. i. 244.
Still, always, constantly; II. i. 254.
Stitchery, stitching, needlework; I. iii. 73.
Stocks. (The specimen here engraved was discovered at Pompeii, and is now preserved in the Museo Borbonico at Naples); V. iii. 160.



Stocks.

Stood, stood up in defence of; IV. vi. 45.

Stood to 't, made a stand, stood firm; IV. vi. 10.

Store; "good store," good quantity; I. ix. 32.

Stout, proud; III. ii. 78.

Stoutness, pride; III. ii. 127.

Straight, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 119.

Stretch it out, extending its power to the utmost; II. ii. 54.

Stride, bestride; I. ix. 71.

Strucken, struck; IV. v. 152.

Stuck, hesitated; II. iii. 17.

Subdues, subjects him to punishment; I. i. 179.

Subtle, smooth and deceptive; V. ii. 20.



Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground. From Strutt's copy of an illumination in a *Book of Prayers* belonging to Douce.

Sudden, hasty; II. iii. 257.

Sufferance, suffering; I. i. 22.

——, endurance; "against all noble s.," beyond the endurance of the nobility; III. i. 24.

Suggest, prompt; II. i. 253.

Summon the town, i.e. to surrender; I. iv. 7.

Surcease, cease; III. ii. 121.

Surer; "no s.," no more to be depended upon; I. i. 175.

Surety, be sureties for; III. i. 178.

Sway, bear sway; II. i. 212.

Swifter composition, making terms more quickly; III. i. 3.

Sworn brother; people who had taken an oath to share each other's fortunes were called *fratres jurati,* sworn brothers; II. iii. 100.

Tabor, a small drum of mediæval origin, usually strapped upon the left arm between wrist and elbow and beaten by the right hand; I. vi. 25. (*Cp.* illustration).



From a XIVth cent. MS. in the National Library, Paris.

Ta'enforth, chosen, selected; I. ix. 34.
Ta'en note, noticed; IV. ii. 10.
Tag, rabble; III. i. 248.
Taints, infects; IV. vii. 38.
Take in, subdue, capture; I. ii. 24.
Take up, cope with; III. i. 244.
Taken well, interviewed at a favourable time; V. i. 50.
Tame, ineffectual; IV. vi. 2.
Target, a small shield; IV. v. 123.
Tauntingly, mockingly, disparagingly (Folio 1, "*taintingly*"; Folios 2, 3, "*tantingly*"); I. i. 113.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; III. iii. 28.
Tent, probe; I. ix. 31.
——, probe (verb); III. i. 236.
——, tent, encamp; III. ii. 116.
Tetter, infect with tetter, *i.e.* eruption on the skin; III. i. 70.
Than those, than she is to those; I. v. 25.
That's, that has; II. ii. 82.
That's off, that is nothing to the purpose; II. ii. 63.
Thread, file through singly; III. i. 124.
Tiber, figurative for water; II. i. 49.
Tiger-footed, tiger-like, "hastening to seize its prey"; III. i. 312.
Time, immediate present; present time; II. i. 277.
——, "the t.," *i.e.* the age in which one lives; IV. vii. 50.
'Tis right, it is true, it is just as you say; II. i. 244.
To, according to; I. iv. 57.
——, compared to; II. i. 121.
——, against; IV. v. 130.
——, "to his mother" = for his mother; V. iii. 178.
Told, foretold; I. i. 230.
Took, took effect, told; II. ii. 111.
To's power, to the utmost of his ability, as far as lay in his power; II. i. 254.
To't, upon it; IV. ii. 48.
Touch'd, tested, as metal is tested by the touchstone; II. iii. 197.
Traducement, calumny; I. ix. 22.
Traitor; "their t.," a traitor to them; III. iii. 69.
Translate, transform; II. iii. 195.
Transport, bear, carry; II. i. 232.
Treaty, proposal, tending to an agreement; II. ii. 58.
Trick, trifle; IV. iv. 21.
Triton, Neptune's trumpeter; III. i. 89.

Troth; "o' my t.," on my word (a slight oath); I. iii. 62.
——, faith; IV. ii. 49.
——, truth; IV. v. 192.
True purchasing, honest earning; II. i. 148.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. v. 4, 5.
Tuns, large casks, IV. v. 102.
Turn, put; III. i. 284.
Twins, are like twins; IV. iv. 15.

Unactive, inactive; I. i. 101.
Unbarb'd sconce, unarmed, bare, head (*sconce*, used contemptuously; Becket conj. "*imbarbed*"; Nicholson conj. "*embarbed*") III. ii. 99.
Unborn; "all cause u.," no cause existing; III. i. 129.
Undercrest, wear as on a crest; I. ix. 72.
Under fiends, fiends of hell; IV. v. 95.
Ungravely, without dignity; II. iii. 231.
Unhearts, disheartens; V. i. 49.
Unlike, unlikely; III. i. 48.
Unmeriting, as undeserving; II. i. 43.
Unproperly, improperly; V. iii. 54.
Unscann'd, inconsiderate; III. i. 313.
Unseparable, inseparable; IV. iv. 16.
Unsever'd, inseparable; III. ii. 42.
Upon, laid upon; III. ii. 141.
——, on account of, in consequence of; II. i. 236.
Upon, against; III. iii. 47.
Used; "as 'twas used," as they used to do; III. i. 114.
Ushers, forerunners; II. i. 167.

Vail, let fall, lower; III. i. 98.
Vantage, advantage, benefit; I. i. 163.
Vantage; "v. of his anger," *i.e.* the favourable opportunity which his anger will afford; II. iii. 266.
Variable, various, all kinds; II. i. 220.
Vaward, vanguard; I. vi. 53.
Vent, get rid of; I. i. 228.
——; "full of v.," keenly excited, full of pluck and courage (a hunting term); IV. v. 232.
Verified, supported the credit of (or spoken the truth of); V. ii. 17.
Vexation, anger, mortification; III. iii. 140.
Viand, food; I. i. 102.
Virginal, maidenly; V. ii. 44.
Virgin'd it, been as a virgin; V. iii. 48.
Virtue, valour, bravery; I. i. 41.
Voice, vote (verb); II. iii. 240.
Voices, votes; II. ii. 143.
'Voided, avoided (Folios "*voided*"); IV. v. 85.
Vouches, attestations; II. ii. 122.
Vulgar station, standing room among the crowd; II i. 223.

Wail, bewail; IV. i. 26.
Want, am wanting in; I. iii. 85.
Warm at 's heart, *i.e.* he is gratified; II. iii. 148.

Warrant, measures; III. i. 276.
War's garland, laurel wreath, the emblem of glory; I. ix. 60.
Watch'd, kept guard; II. iii. 132.
Waved, would waver; II. ii. 18.
Waving, bowing; III. ii. 77.
Waxed, grew, throve (Folio 2, "*wated*"; Folios 3, 4, "*waited*"); II. ii. 103.
Weal, good, welfare; I. i. 154.
——, commonwealth; II. iii. 187.
Wealsmen, statesmen; II. i. 55.
Weeds, garments; II. iii. 159.
Well-found, fortunately met with; II. ii. 47.
What, why; III. i. 317.
——, exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 14.
Wheel, make a circuit; I. vi. 19.
Where, whereas; I. i. 103.
Where against, against which; IV. v. 110.
Which, who; I. i. 191.
Whither (monosyllabic); IV. i. 34.
Who, he who; I. i. 179.
——, whom; II. i. 7.
——, which; III. ii. 119.
Wholesome, suitable, reasonable; II. iii. 66.
Whom, which; I. i. 267.
Wills; "as our good w.," according to our best efforts; II. i. 250.
Wind, advance indirectly, insinuate; III. iii. 65.
Win upon, gain advantage, get the better of (Grant White conj. "*win open*"); I. i. 223.
With, by; III. iii. 7.
Withal, with; III. i. 141.
With us, as we shall take advantage of it; III. iii. 30.
Wives, women; IV. iv. 5.
Woollen, coarsely clad; III. ii. 9.
Woolvish togc, "rough hirsute gown" (Johnson); *v.* Note; II. iii. 120.
Word, pass-word, watch-word; III. ii. 142.
Worn, worn out; III. i. 6.
Worship, dignity, authority; III. i. 141.
Worst in blood, in the worst condition; I. i. 162.
Worth; "his w. of contradiction," "his full quota or proportion of contradiction" (Malone); III. iii. 26.
Worthy; "is w. of," is deserving of, deserves; III. i. 211.
——, justifiable; III. i. 241.
Wot, know; IV. v. 167.
Wreak, vengeance; IV. v. 88.
Wrench up, screw up, exert; I. viii. 11.

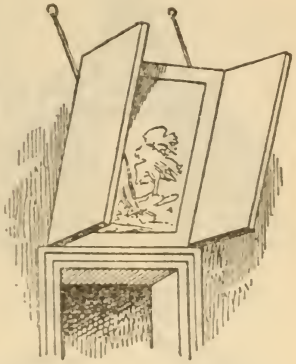
Yield, grant; II. ii. 57.
You may, you may, go on, poke your fun at me; II. iii. 39.
Youngly, young; II. iii. 242.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 177, 179. '*your virtue*, etc.; "your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished" (Johnson).

I. iii. 12. '*Picture-like to hang by the wall.*' "Ancient wall pictures were usually paintings in fresco . . . but the Pompeian wall-paintings furnish us with the annexed curious example of a portable picture (protected by folding leaves) placed over a door, and inclining forward by means of strings secured to rings after the fashion of those in our own houses."



I. iii. 16. '*bound with oak*,' as a mark of honour for saving the life of a citizen.

I. iii. 46. '*At Grecian sword, contemning*,' etc.: Folio 1 reads, 'At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*,' etc.; the reading in the text is substantially Collier's; many emendations have been proposed; perhaps a slightly better version of the line would be gained by the omission of the comma.

I. iv. 14. '*that fears you less*'; Johnson conj. '*but fears you less*'; Johnson and Capell conj. '*that fears you more*': Schmidt. '*that fears you,—less.*' The meaning is obvious, though there is a confusion, due to the case of the double negative in '*nor*' and '*less.*'

I. iv. 31. '*you herd of—Boils.*' Johnson's emendation. Folios 1, 2, '*you Heard of Byles*'; Folios 3, 4, '*you Herd of Biles*'; Rowe, '*you herds of biles*'; Pope (ed. 1), '*you herds; of boils*';

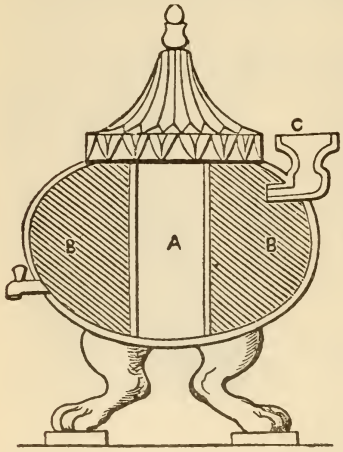
Pope (ed. 2), Theobald, *'you! herds of boils'*; Collier MS., *'unheard of boils'*; etc., etc.

I. iv. 42. *'trenches followed'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'trenches followes'*; Collier (ed. 1), *'trenches follow'*; (ed. 2), *'trenches. Follow!'*; Dyce, Lettsom conj. *'trenches: follow me'*; etc.

I. iv. 57. *'Cato's'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'Calues'* and *'Calves'*; Rowe, *'Calvus.'*

I. vi. 6. *'ye'*; Folios, *'the.'*

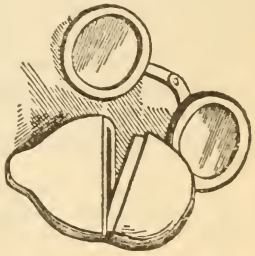
I. vi. 76. Folios, *'O, me alone! make you a sword of me?'*; the punctuation in the text is Capell's. Clarke's explanation, making the line imperative, seems the most plausible:—"O take me alone for weapon among you all! make yourselves a sword of me."



I. ix. 41-53. The chief departure from the folios in this doubtful passage is the substitution of *'coverture'* for *'overture,'* as conjectured by Tyrwhitt; *'him'* is seemingly used here instead of the neuter *'it.'*

II. i. 52. *'A cup of hot wine.' Cp.* the subjoined drawing of an urn discovered at Pompeii. *A* is a cylindrical furnace, *B B* spaces for holding the liquor to be warmed. This is poured in at *C*, and drawn out by a cock on the other side.

II. i. 221-2. *'the bleared sights are spectacled to see him.'* Spectacles were not known till the XIVth century. An early form of them may be seen in the subjoined cut copied from a painting dated 1490.



II. i. 233. *'end,' i.e.* to where he should end.

II. i. 263. *'touch,'* Hanmer's emendation; Folios, *'teach'*; Theobald, *'reach.'*

II. iii. 63-64. *'virtues Which our divines lose by 'em,' i.e.* which our divines preach to men in vain'; but the line is possibly corrupt.

II. iii. 120. *'woolvish toge'*; Steevens' conj., adopted by Malone: Folio 1 reads *'Woolnish tongue*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Woolvish gowne'*; Capell, *'wolfish gown'*; Mason conj. *'woollen gown,'* or *'foolish gown'*; Beckett conj. *'woolish gown'*; Steevens' conj. *'woolvish tongue'*; Grant White conj. *'foolish togue'*; Clarke (?) *'wool-'nish,' i.e. 'woolenish.'*

II. iii. 249-251. *vide* Preface.

III. i. 93. *'Hydra here'*; *i.e.* 'the many-headed multitude'; so Folio 2.

III. i. 98-101. *i.e.* "let your admitted ignorance take a lower tone and defer to their admitted superiority" (Clarke).

III. i. 230. *'your'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'our.'*

III. ii. 21. *'thwartings of'*; Theobald's reading; Folios, *'things of'*; Rowe, *'things that thwart'*; Wright conj. *'things that cross.'*

III. ii. 32. *'to the herd'*; Warburton's suggestion, adopted by Theobald; Folios, *'to the heart'*; Collier MS., *'o' th' heart'*; etc.

III. ii. 56. *'though but bastards and syllables'*; Capell, *'but bastards'*; Seymour conj. *'although but bastards, syllables'*; Badham conj. *'thought's bastards, and but syllables.'*

III. ii. 64. *'I am in this'*; Warburton, 'In this advice I speak as your wife, your son,' etc.

III. ii. 69. *'that want,' i.e.* the want of that inheritance.

III. ii. 78. *'Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart'*; Johnson, *'With often,'* etc.; Capell, *'And often'*; Staunton conj. *'While often'*; Nicholson conj. *'Whiles-often'*; Warburton, *'Which soften.'*

III. iii. 35. *'among's,' i.e.* among us; Folio 1, *'amongs'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'amongst you'*; Pope, *'amongst you'*; Capell, *'among us.'*

III. iii. 36. *'throng,'* Theobald's and Warburton's emendation of Folios, *'Through.'*

III. iii. 55. *'accents,'* Theobald's correction of Folios, *'actions.'*

III. iii. 130. *'not'*; Capell's correction of Folios, *'but.'*

IV. i. 7-9. *'fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning'*; *i.e.* "When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle, although wounded, demands a noble philosophy" (Clarke). Pope, *'gently warded'*; Hanmer, *'greatly warded'*; Collier MS., *'gentle-minded.'*

IV. iv. 23. *'My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon'*; Capell's emendation. Folio 1 reads, *'My Birth-place have I, and my loues upon'*; Folios 2, 3, *'My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon'*;

Folio 4, '*My Birth-place have I, and my Lover left; upon*'; Pope, '*My birth-place have I and my lovers left*'; Beckett conj. '*My country have I and my lovers lost,*' etc.

IV. v. 63. '*appearance*'; Folio 1, '*apparance*' (probably the recognised form of the word, representing the pronunciation at the time.

IV. vii. 51-53. The sense of the lines should be to this effect:—"Power is in itself most commendable, but the orator's chair, from which a man's past actions are extolled, is the inevitable tomb of his power." The passage is crude, and many suggestions have been advanced.

IV. vii. 55. '*falter,*' Dyce's ingenious reading; the Camb. ed. following Folios '*fouler.*'

V. i. 69. Many emendations have been proposed to clear up the obscurity of the line. It appears to mean either (i.) that Coriolanus bound Cominius by an oath to yield to his conditions; or (ii.) that Coriolanus was bound by an oath as *to what he would not,* unless the Romans should yield to his conditions. Johnson proposed to read—

"What he would not,
Bound by an oath. To yield to his conditions,"—

the rest being omitted. Many attempts have been made to improve the passage, but no proposal carries conviction with it.

V. ii. 77. '*your*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, '*our.*'

V. ii. 86-88. '*though I owe My revenge properly,*' *i.e.* 'though revenge is my own, remission belongs to the Volscians.'

V. vi. 152. '*Trail your steel pikes*'; a mode of showing honour pertaining to the Shakespearian rather than to the classic era. The subjoined illustration is copied from a plate in a volume descriptive of the funeral ceremony of the Prince of Orange at Delft, 1647.



Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Citizens.*] Gervinus thinks that if we observe closely we shall not find the people here represented as so very bad. We must distinguish between the way in which they really act and the way in which the mockers and despisers of the people represent them: we may then soon find that the populace in *Julius Cæsar* appear much worse than in *Coriolanus*. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, where the people had ceased to be of any importance, they no longer appear; in *Julius Cæsar*, where their degeneracy ruined the republic, they are shown in all their weakness; in *Coriolanus*, where they can oppose but not stop the progress of Rome's political career, they appear equally endowed with good and bad qualities.

40. Thus in North's *Plutarch*: "But touching Martius, the only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable, as that his mother might hear every body praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy."

99 *et seq.* The fable of *The Belly and the Members* has been traced far back in antiquity. It is found in several ancient collections of Æsopian fables so that there is as much reason for making Æsop the author of this as of many others that go in his name. Shakespeare was acquainted with a very spirited

version of it in Camden's *Remains*; but he was chiefly indebted for the matter to North's *Plutarch*, where it is very interestingly given.

139. *the seat o' the brain*:—According to the old philosophy, the heart was the seat of the understanding; hence it is here called *the court*. So in a previous speech (line 119): *The counsellor heart*.

162. *Thou rascal*, etc.:—The meaning seems to be, "thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself."

208. *proverbs*:—Trench, speaking of proverbs, says that "in a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'no man of fashion,' as I think is his exact phrase, 'ever uses a proverb.' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, the man who, with all his greatness, is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the people, to utter his scorn of them in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these."

Scene II.

9. *prcss'd*:—The use of *prcss'd* in this place is well explained by a passage in North's *Plutarch*: "The common people, being set on a broile and bravery with these words, would not appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *prcsse* them for the warres. Martius then, who was now growne to great credit, and a stout man besides, rose up and openly spake against these flattering tribunes: but to the warres the people by no means would be brought or *constrained*."

14. *Titus Lartius*:—North's *Plutarch* has been closely followed in this Scene: "In the country of the Volsces, against whom the Romans made war at that time, there was a principal city and of most fame, that was called Corioles, before the which the Consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore all the other Volsces, fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The Consul Cominius, understanding this, divided his army also into two parts; and taking the one part with himself,

he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country: and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of the valiantest men the Romans had at that time) to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them."

Scene III.

[*Volumnia and Virgilia.*] Of this "very graceful scene, in which the two Roman ladies, the wife and mother of Coriolanus, are discovered at their needle-work, conversing on his absence and danger," Mrs. Jameson says that over it "Shakespeare, without any display of learning, has breathed the very spirit of classical antiquity. The haughty temper of Volumnia, her admiration of the valour and high bearing of her son, and her proud but unselfish love for him, are finely contrasted with the modest sweetness, the conjugal tenderness, and the fond solicitude of his wife Virgilia."

16. *bound with oak*:—This incident is related with much spirit in North's *Plutarch*: "The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the Proud did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latines, and many other people of Italy; even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battel by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdome againe; not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the Romaines, whose greatnesse they both feared and envied. In this battel, wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator; and, a Romaine soldier being throwne to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slue the enemie with his owne hands, that had before overthrowne the Romaine. Hereupon, after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoever saveth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."

Scene IV.

53. *Who sensibly outdares*, etc.:—Hudson reads "sensible, outdares." Whitelaw interprets: "The endurance of the man is more wonderful than that of the sword, because he can feel and

the sword cannot, and yet he endures the longer." Sidney's *Arcadia* has a similar thought: "Their very armour by piecemeal fell away from them: yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart than the senseless armour."

56, 57. *a soldier even to Cato's wish*:—Thus North's *Plutarch*: "For he was even such another as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice and grimnesse of his countenance." Cato was not born till some 255 years after the death of Coriolanus. The Poet was perhaps led into the anachronism by not observing the difference between historical narrative and dramatic representation.

Scene V.

4. *their hours*:—Several commentators have changed *hours* to *honours*, but *hours* is ascertained to be the right reading by referring to the authority which the Poet followed: "The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the souldiers began incontinently to spoile, to carry away, and to looke up the bootie they had wonne. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cryed out on them, that *it was no time now to looke after spoile*, and to runne stragling here and there to enrich themselves."

Scene VI.

41 *et seq.* "The author of *Coriolanus*," says Bagehot, "never believed in a mob, and did something towards preventing anybody else from doing so." Shakespeare, he adds, had a disbelief in the middle classes, and no opinion of traders. "You will generally find that when a citizen is mentioned, he is made to do or to say something absurd."

Scene VII.

1. *keep your duties*:—The picture of the commotions of the republic exhibits also the qualities that, restraining those commotions within limits, excluded the last violences of faction and allowed the progress of the state in its imperial career notwith-

standing. We see the regulating as well as the exciting powers and principles—we see the more clearly therefore what danger is ever in waiting, and by the relaxation of what moral restraint it will be fatally admitted, with equal misery, whether by the popular or the patrician side.

Scene VIII.

12. *the whip of your bragg'd progeny*:—The whip or scourge with which your boasted progenitors (*progeny* used, singularly for this) punished their enemies.

14. [*They fight . . . driven in breathless.*] Brandes says: "The hero's bodily strength and courage are strained to the mythical. He forces his way single-handed into a hostile town, holds his own there against a whole army, and finally makes good his retreat, wounded but not subdued. Even Bible tradition, in which divine aid comes to the rescue, cannot furnish forth such deeds. Neither Samson's escape from Gaza (Judges xvi.) nor David's from Keilah (1 Samuel xxiii.) can compare with this amazing exploit."

Scene IX.

10, 11. The meaning appears to be that what he has done here is but as a morsel compared to Marcius's full feast of battle at Corioli.

19. *Hath overta'en mine act*:—"That is, has done as much as I have done, insomuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wished." So says Malone. "The meaning," as Rolfe thinks, "seems rather to be: he that has done his best has come up with me, for that is all I have done."

82 *et seq. I sometime . . . freedom*:—The Poet found this incident thus related in *Plutarch*: "Onely this grace, said he, I crave, and beseech you to grant me: Among the Volsces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his owne countrey, liveth now a poore prisoner in the hands of his enemies; and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure, if I could save him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slave."

Scene X.

10 *et seq.*:—Upon this speech of Aufidius Coleridge remarks: "I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take for granted that this is in nature; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling, which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment. However, I perceive that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius's character." In connection with this note see Verplanck's observations upon Aufidius (originally made upon these remarks of Coleridge) in the Critical Comments prefixed to this play.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

39-41. The allusion here is to the fable, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults; and another behind him, in which he stows his own.

48, 49. *a cup of hot wine,* etc.:—There is a similar expression in Lovelace's little song, *To Althea, from Prison*:—

> "When flowing cups run swiftly round,
> With no *allaying Thames*;
> Our careless heads with roses bound,
> Our hearts with loyal flames."

51-53. *converses more . . . morning*:—Rather a late lier-down than an early riser. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i. 88, 89: "In the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon."

87-89. *Our very priests . . . you are*:—Brandes says: "That Shakespeare held the same political views as Coriolanus is amply shown by the fact that the most dissimilar characters approve of them in every particular, excepting only the violent and defiant manner in which they are expressed. Menenius's description of the tribunes of the people is not a whit less scathing than that of Marcius."

121. *Galen*:—Certain critics have made merry at the Poet for thus making Menenius refer to Galen, the person speaking having lived about 650 years before the person spoken of. Upon whom

does it devolve to determine whether the anachronism were perpetrated in ignorance or in contempt of historical accuracy?

184. *Gracious silence* probably means "thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous applause of the rest." Thus in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "You shall see sweet *silent rhetoric* and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." *Gracious* is frequently used by Shakespeare for *grateful, acceptable.*

271 *et seq.* Here we have another anachronism; the Romans being represented as doing what, in the days of chivalry, was done at tiltings and tournaments in honour of the successful combatant.

Scene II.

[*Enter two Officers*, etc.] Brandes observes that even the voice of one of the two serving-men of the Capitol exalts Coriolanus and justifies his scorn for the love or hatred of the people, the ignorant, bewildered masses. "We perceive," he adds, "that the Poet has taken no particular pains to disguise his own voice."

86-88. *It is held that valour*, etc.:—This thought was evidently borrowed from Plutarch: "Now in those daies, valiantnes was honoured in Rome above all other vertues; which they call by the name of vertue it selfe, as including in that generall name all other specially vertue besides."

98. *struck him on his knee*:—Not that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as made him *fall on his knee.*

Scene III.

55-60. When his friends insist upon his conforming to custom and appearing in person as applicant, Shakespeare, who has hitherto followed Plutarch step by step, here diverges, in order to represent this step as being excessively disagreeable to Marcius. According to the Greek historian, Coriolanus at once proceeds with a splendid retinue to the Forum, and there displays the wounds he has received in the recent wars; but Shakespeare's hero cannot bring himself to boast of his exploits to the people, nor to appeal to their admiration and compassion by making an exhibition of his wounds. He finally yields, but has hardly set foot in the Forum before he begins to curse at the position in which he has placed himself.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Plutarch was by no means prejudiced against the people, and the subject had to be entirely refashioned by Shakespeare before it would harmonize with his mood. The historian may be guilty of serious contradictions in matters of detail, but he endeavours, to the best of his ability, to enter into the circumstances of times which were of hoary antiquity, even to him. The main drift of his narrative is to the effect that Coriolanus had already attained to great authority and influence in the city, when the Senate, which represented the wealth of the community, came into collision with the masses. The people were overridden by usurers, the law was terribly severe upon debtors, and the poor were subjected to incessant distraint; their few possessions were sold, and men who had fought bravely for their country and were covered with honourable scars were frequently imprisoned. In the recent war with the Sabines the patricians had been forced to promise the people better treatment in the future, but the moment the war was over they broke their word, and distraint and imprisonment went on as before. After this the plebeians refused to come forward at the conscription, and the patricians, in spite of the opposition of Coriolanus, were compelled to yield.

103, 104. *the great'st taste,* etc.:—Whitelaw explains the passage thus: "The prevailing flavour of the whole smacks rather of their voice than of yours.' Judged by results—the taste it leaves in the mouth—this dualized government of compromise gives expression to the popular, rather than to the patrician, will: the tribunicial *nay* is stronger than the consular *yea*."

275, 276. *Do not cry havoc,* etc.:—*Havoc,* the signal for general slaughter, was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority. Thus in the Statutes and Ordynaunces of Warre, 1513: "That no man be so hardy to crye *havoke,* upon payne of him that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges wyll." The meaning of the text is, do not give the signal for no quarter when more moderate action may suffice.

304. *clean kam*:—Cotgrave has: "All goes cleane contrarie, quite *kamme*." The word occurs in Richard Hooker's sermon on *The Nature of Pride*: "Where is, then, the obliquity of the mind of man? His mind is perverse, *kam*, and crooked, when it

bendeth so, that it swerveth either to the right hand or to the left, by excess or defect, from that exact rule whereby human actions are measured." *Clean kam* appears to have been corrupted into *kim-kam*; of which word Holland's *Plutarch* furnishes several instances: "First mark, I beseech you, the comparison, how they go clean *kim-kam*, and against the stream, as if rivers run up hills."

Scene II.

13. [*Enter Volumnia.*] Mrs. Jameson says that "in Volumnia, Shakespeare has given us the portrait of a Roman matron, conceived in the true antique spirit, and finished in every part. Although Coriolanus is the hero of the play, yet much of the interest of the action and the final catastrophe turn upon the character of his mother, Volumnia, and the power she exercised over his mind, by which, according to the story, 'she saved Rome and lost her son.' Her lofty patriotism, her patrician haughtiness, her maternal pride, her eloquence, and her towering spirit, are exhibited with the utmost power of effect; yet the truth of female nature is beautifully preserved, and the portrait, with all its vigour, is without harshness."

Scene III.

68 *et seq.* Coriolanus's fierce outburst when the name of *traitor* is flung at him proves, as Brandes thinks, that Shakespeare did not look upon treason as a pardonable crime.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1, 2. *the beast with many heads*:—That is, the many-headed multitude. Coriolanus is by no means free from personal pride and ambition, and yet his foremost wish at all times is but the good of his country. A plebeian government, in his eyes, is the greatest of misfortunes. He considers all political rights as connected with birth, because it includes all virtues—love of country, valour and nobility of mind. He is the pure embodiment of the aristocratic principle. Hence the harshness, the stubbornness and the passionate vehemence with which he rejects every com-

promise, every demand which he regards as derogatory; this is the cause of his contempt of the common herd. This contempt is as immoderate, as exaggerated, as his pride and admiration of true personal dignity and virtue.

Scene II.

1. *he's gone, and we'll no further*:—Rome is preserved from cleaving in the midst by the virtues of the state, the reverence for the political majesty which pervades both the contending parties. The senate averts the last evil by timely concession of the tribunitian power first, and then by sacrifice of a favourite champion of their own order, rather than civil war shall break out and all go to ruin in quarrel for the privilege and supremacy of a part. Rather than this they will concede, and trust to temporizing, to negotiating, to management, to the material influence of their position and the effect of their own merits and achievements, to secure their power or recover it hereafter. Among the people, on the other hand, there is also a restraining sentiment, a religion that holds back from the worst abuses of successful insurrection or excited faction. The proposition to kill Marcius is easily given up. Even the tribunes are capable of being persuaded to forego the extremity of rancour against the enemy of the people, and of their authority.

Scene IV.

The matter of this short scene is more fully presented in North's *Plutarch*: "Now in the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobility and valiantness, was honoured among the Volsces as a king. Martius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and envy him than he did all the Romans besides: because that many times, in battles where they met, they were ever at the encounter one against another, like lusty courageous youths striving in all emulation of honour, and had encountered many times together. Insomuch as, besides the common quarrel between them, there was bred a marvellous private hate one against another. Yet notwithstanding, considering that Tullus Aufidius was a man of great mind, and that he above all other of the Volsces most desired revenge of the Romans, for the injuries they had done unto them: he did an act that confirmed the words of an ancient poet to be true, who said:—

'It is a thing full hard, man's anger to withstand,
If it be stiffy bent to take an enterprise in hand.
For then most men will have the thing that they desire,
Although it cost their lives therefore, such force hath wicked ire.'

And so did he. For he disguised himself in such array and attire, as he thought no man could ever have known him for the person he was, seeing him in that apparel he had upon his back: and as Homer said of Ulysses:—

'So did he enter into the enemies' town.'

It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius's house."

Scene V.

68 *et seq.* The quick change that takes place in the demeanour of Coriolanus, after his sentence of banishment, is most expressive: his nature is now in truth subjected by a deeper feeling than it ever owned before. He who could not soothe either populace, tribunes or patricians, is seen an actual dissimulator for the time, as he urges composure—himself apparently composed, on his wailing and indignant family and mourning friends. For the first time he has embraced a bold counsel, and holds it concealed. In the presence of his former hated enemy Tullus, he learns such deliberate and impressive speech that gains him over immediately, and the feelings of the Volscian are the subject of a revulsion as sudden as those of Coriolanus himself.

216, 217. *directitude*:—"The third servant," says Clarke, "wishing to use a fine long word and intending to coin some such term as *discreditude* from *discredit*, or *dejectitude* from *dejectedness* (Shakespeare using the words *discredit*, *deject*, and *dejected* in such a way as to countenance either of these suggestions), blunders out his grandiloquent *directitude*. The author's relish of the joke is pleasantly indicated by his making the first servant repeat the word amazedly, as if not knowing what to make of it, and ask its meaning; and then making the third servant avoid the inconvenient inquiry by not noticing it, but running on with his own harangue."

Scene VI.

1. *We hear not of him,* etc.:—The expulsion of Coriolanus is proof and witness of the young vitality of the body politic, which is able thus harmlessly and decisively to thrust out an element that is hostile; for Coriolanus is a type of all the trouble and mischief that befel the republic in ensuing years, from the traitorous selfishness of otherwise well-meriting servants that it retained within its bosom.

Scene VII.

34. *osprey*:—This fine allusion is well explained by the following from Drayton's *Polyolbion,* xxv. 134:—

> "The *ospray* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
> Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
> But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
> Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
> They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw."

And in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar,* 1594:—

> "I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
> That, as she flieth over fish in pools,
> The fish shall turn their glistening bellies up,
> And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen,* i. 1:—

> "Your actions
> Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
> Subdue before they touch."

37-43. *whether 'twas pride . . . cushion*:—"Aufidius," says Johnson, "assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* to the *cushion,* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war."

49, 50. *So our virtues,* etc.:—Whitelaw explains the passage as follows: "Our virtues are virtues no longer if the time interprets

them as none. The soldier who is all soldier is misinterpreted in time of peace; for his unfitness for peace is seen, his fitness for war is not seen."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

50. This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings.

59, 60. "In the last Act," says Lloyd, "when old Menenius consents to try his influence, the tribune assures him, 'You know the very road into his kindness, and cannot lose your way'; and whatever oddity there may be in the way he attempts, I do not doubt it was that which he thought, and justly, gave him the best chance. 'Shakespeare wanted a buffoon,' says Johnson in reference to Menenius, 'and he went into the senate-house for that with which the senate-house would most certainly have supplied him.' Johnson had not reported and written debates for the Lords' house without making some observations; but as regards Menenius, it is unfair to call him a buffoon, for he evinces so much sober earnestness in the scenes of the senate-house, that he would not have failed had the occasion invited such a display again."

Scene III.

22 *et seq.* Mrs. Jameson says: "When the spirit of the mother and the son are brought into immediate collision, he yields before her: the warrior who stemmed alone the whole city of Corioli, who was ready to face 'the steep Tarpeian death, or at wild horses' heels,—vagabond exile—flaying,' rather than abate one jot of his proud will—shrinks at her rebuke. The haughty, fiery, overbearing temperament of Coriolanus, is drawn in such forcible and striking colours, that nothing can more impress us with the real grandeur and power of Volumnia's character than his boundless submission to her will—his more than filial tenderness and respect."

94 *et seq.* Again Mrs. Jameson: "The triumph of Volumnia's character, the full display of all her grandeur of soul, her patriotism, her strong affections, and her sublime eloquence, are reserved

for her last scene, in which she pleads for the safety of Rome, and wins from her angry son that peace which all the swords of Italy and her confederate arms could not have purchased. The strict and even literal adherence to the truth of history is an additional beauty." This famous speech, ending with line 182, closely follows the spirit and letter of Plutarch, as rendered by North: "My son, why dost thou not answer me? Dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty [an honour] for thee to grant thy mother's request in so weighty a cause? Dost thou take it honourable for a nobleman to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not in like case think it an honest nobleman's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself, who so universally showest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy. And, therefore, it is not only honest [honourable], but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?" And with these words, herself, his wife, and children fell down upon their knees before him.

Scenes IV.-V.

With scarcely the intervention of any speaker of superior gravity to Menenius, the return and reception of the successful embassy of ladies and their demeanour are set before us with such simple force as to excite our veneration for the state deservedly destined to be imperial. The last encounter of the ladies and the city was marked by the mad petulance of Volumnia enraged at her loss, and the pettish lamentations of Virgilia; they now pass along after a still greater private loss—for hope of the return of Coriolanus is over—silent and dignified, and all the members of the state that were before opposed, unite to accompany them with honour, and senators and patricians, tribunes and people, forget all past disputes in joy and gratitude for the salvation of the state which none was false to in its hour of utmost peril.

Scene VI.

132. *Kill*:—In the concluding Scene we appear to see the supremacy of Rome assured, by her former faults and excesses appearing to be expelled with the banished Coriolanus to her enemies. In the capitol of the Volscians is perpetrated the assassination from the disgrace of which the better spirit of the Romans preserved their city; Aufidius and his fellows with equal envy and ingratitude take the place of the plotting tribunes, and the senators are powerless to control the conspirators and the mob of citizens who abet them. For Coriolanus himself it cannot be said that his mercy to his native city either sprung from or engendered a nobler sentiment of patriotism than he had shown himself capable of entertaining before; he returns the soldier of the Volscian as he went, and the only alleviation that his fate admits is that it is at least by an outburst of his original nature, faulty as it might be, that he provokes it, and that, carried away by passion and impatience, he dies at least in declared exultation at an exploit performed when he was the glorious soldier of Rome.

Questions on Coriolanus.

ACT FIRST.

1. Why does the play open with a scene presenting the common people?

2. In what respects does this mob resemble the Jack Cade mob presented in 2 *Henry VI.*?

3. What opinion of Caius Marcius is held by the citizens?

4. How does Menenius make application of the fable of *The Belly and the Members*?

5. Mention some of the things that Caius Marcius says about the common people in his first speech. What does he say about the use of proverbs? What said Lord Chesterfield about the same?

6. Is it Shakespeare's usual method to introduce a character in this way? Does the situation develop the attitude of Caius Marcius, or does he seem to come forth as the possessor of an habitual mood?

7. Why does Caius Marcius welcome the news of the belligerency of the Volscians? What is foreshadowed in what he says of Tullus Aufidius?

8. What is the comment on Marcius made by the tribunes after his withdrawal?

9. What is effected by Sc. ii.?

10. In Sc. iii., where Volumnia first appears, what is the subject of her discourse and what national trait does it display? How is Virgilia contrasted with her? What interests her imagination?

11. How is cruelty as a trait ascribed to Marcius?

12. How is the iron temper of the times indicated by the domestic picture shown in Sc. iii.? For what does Virgilia stand?

13. Describe the battle incidents of Sc. iv. and indicate their effect upon Marcius.

14. How is Marcius presented in Sc. v.; how in Sc. vi.?

15. Does Sc. viii. bear out the reality of all the boasting of Marcius? Is the incident suitable for representation?

16. How does Marcius receive the honours of war? Compare Plutarch's account of the incident of the prisoner for whom Coriolanus begged release with Shakespeare's presentation of it.

17. What terms are granted to the Volscian city? How does Aufidius speak of Coriolanus?

ACT SECOND.

18. What account of himself does Menenius give in Sc. i.? Has he humour; has he patrician arrogance? Compare him with Lafeu in *All 's Well that Ends Well.*

19. How does he contrast with Coriolanus in his opinion of the plebeian orders?

20. Indicate the purpose of the scene between Menenius and the women. Is Volumnia indifferent to the honours that proceed from the common people?

21. How is Coriolanus welcomed home by his mother; how by his wife?

22. What of his courtesy to women?

23. Where does Coriolanus first go in the city?

24. In what spirit does Brutus describe the crowd (lines 213-229) that go out to meet Coriolanus?

25. What do the tribunes fear from Coriolanus's elevation? What dramatic purpose is effected by lines 232-234?

26. What had Coriolanus said about the manner of suing for the consulship? What schemes for his defeat do the two tribunes meditate?

27. How is the enveloping atmosphere of the play indicated in the dialogue of the two Officers in Sc. ii.?

28. What provocation did Brutus give for the outbreak of Coriolanus in the senate?

29. Against what prerogative of the commons does Coriolanus inveigh? What motive prompts him? Do his words react against him?

30. How (Sc. iii.) do the citizens reason? How does the preliminary of the Scene prepare for the public appearance of Coriolanus?

31. What feelings bred by his egotism does Coriolanus show at the outset? How are the three scenes of petitioning differentiated? Has Coriolanus any better excuse than personal repugnance to deter him from asking the people for their voices?

32. How are the commons wrought upon to withdraw the promises they have given?

ACT THIRD.

33. With what ominous sounds does Sc. i. open? Is there irony in lines 19, 20?

34. What does Coriolanus say of the free distribution of corn? What measure of political wisdom does he utter during his indignant rejoinder to Sicinius?

35. Were not the commons right in rejecting him as consul?

36. How is the brawl fomented? Does Coriolanus bear himself with dignity? Is there heard ever a word of criticism of him from his fellow patricians?

37. What influence has Menenius upon the crowd?

38. Does Volumnia in Sc. ii. council prudence? Is she superior to her son in mental power?

39. Comment upon the ethics of her speech beginning line 52. What motive impels her to urge her son to conciliate the angry people?

40. What leads Coriolanus to yield? With what presage of success does he go forth?

41. How does Sicinius prepare for the appearance of Coriolanus?

42. What instinct leads Coriolanus to turn inquisitor first? What stirs up his anger again?

43. Was there consideration in the sentence passed upon him?

44. Indicate the effect of his final speech. Being the apotheosis of egotism, what does it need behind it to carry conviction?

ACT FOURTH.

45. What is the unconscious irony of Coriolanus's words, Sc. i. 4?

46. Was it maternal love or disappointed ambition that caused Volumnia to forget her patriotism?

47. How does Sc. ii. present Volumnia? How is the action advanced by Sc. iii.?

48. How does Coriolanus philosophize in Sc. iv.? What connecting link in the action is here supplied?

49. Characterize the humour of the scene of the parley of Coriolanus with the servants of Aufidius.

50. In Coriolanus's account of himself to Aufidius what injustice does he do the nobles of Rome? How does this show his egotism and the narrowness of his vision?

51. In the reply of Aufidius how much is due to poetic passion and how much to manners now made obsolete?

52. What future action do they determine upon?

53. Point out the humour of the servants' talk following.

54. What truth and irony are expressed in Sicinius's speech opening Sc. vi.? How is the speech translated into action?

55. Compare the manner in which the news of the Volscian prisoner is received by Menenius and by Sicinius and Brutus. What traits of class are illustrated thereby?

56. How does Menenius misunderstand Coriolanus?

57. What effect is made upon nobles and upon commons by the news that the Volscians approach, led by Coriolanus? How is the general drift of the play as a comment on democracy subserved?

58. What is the nature of the complaint of Aufidius against Coriolanus? Does he point the defect in the latter?

59. Show the underlying irony of this Act as exhibiting the falling action.

ACT FIFTH.

60. How in the report of Cominius is Coriolanus shown to feel towards Rome? What has he done with friendship; with filial and family affections?

61. How does Menenius plan to prepare him for his own requests? How is he received in the Volscian camp?

62. Where is Sc. iii. prepared for? What yielding was there towards Menenius? What does Coriolanus say at the entrance of his mother and his wife?

63. How is he finally affected by their appearance?

64. Trace the stages of emotion in Volumnia's plea. What passion is supreme in her? What is the effect of the two lines spoken by young Marcius?

65. In yielding to his mother what does Coriolanus surrender?

66. What is the effect of the comments of Menenius in Sc. iv.?

67. What cover has Aufidius for his jealous perfidy?

68. What report does Coriolanus make to the lords of the Volscians? What trait is exhibited in his taking up Aufidius's insult, *Boy*?

Questions

69. Does the play close with the note of optimism observable in some of Shakespeare's tragedies?

70. What is the underlying philosophy of this play?

71. Comment on the perfection as well as simplicity of its construction.

72. Hazlitt has called Coriolanus "a perfect character." Other critics have spoken of him as the personification of a mood. Is there disagreement between the two; and which, in your opinion, is right?

73. Does this play suggest the methods in which Marlowe usually worked?

74. Does this play more than some others suggest a set purpose on the part of the dramatist to inculcate something of his own political philosophy? What constructive peculiarities seem to bear out the view?



